

The DEARBORN *INDEPENDENT*

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE ACTUAL date of the Crucifixion has been fixed as April 7, A.D. 30, by certain students who base their conclusions on astronomical observations.

THE CANADIAN wheat belt has been extended northward more than 100 miles by the propagation of garnet wheat, a new early maturing grain.

A FARMER tourist who sold his farm for \$14,000 deposited \$13,000. Now he cannot recall the name of the bank or town wherein he made the deposit.

LUTHER BURBANK has evolved a new corn which bears from eight to fourteen ears on a single stalk.

ENGLISH farmers have been prosecuted for selling apples containing 1/30 to 1/15 grain of arsenic in a pound. The poison came from insect spray.

BECAUSE he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem in the north, instead of Mecca, in the east, an old dervish of Hebron was tried by a Moslem religious court as a heretic.

NEARLY five million dollars in money orders, checks and drafts is found annually in the dead letter office.

THE ACOUSTIC troubles of many halls have been solved by the newly discovered sound absorption qualities of eel grass, a Newfoundland seaweed.

THE SHIP *Constance*, a Baltic lumber carrier built 202 years ago, is believed to be the oldest boat still in service.

AUSTRALIA by the introduction of rabbits has suffered an annual crop loss of \$100,000,000, and a yearly extermination expense of \$5,000,000.

CONCEALED in coffins, eleven young Chinese were smuggled aboard a San Francisco liner at Honolulu.

THE SULTAN of Johore, one of Malaysia's wealthiest rulers, has a set of diamond teeth.

A FOOT in repose is one size smaller than when it bears the weight of the body.

SUNSHINE through window glass is only 64 per cent pure, according to Dr. Charles Mayo.

A FLORIST whose name was omitted from the New York City telephone directory was awarded damages by a Supreme Court justice.

CHINA supplies nearly all of the hand-made lace brought into the United States.



BARS OF SALT are still in use as currency in Abyssinia.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL motor car service is operated between San José, Guatemala, on the Pacific Coast, and Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic Coast.

THE HALF-TONE printing plate was invented in 1881 by Frederick E. Ives, a Cornell University research worker. The Government Printing Office was the first user of his plates.

GEYSERS heat greenhouses and supply power to laundries in Reykjavik, Iceland.

THE NATIONAL DEBT could be paid in twenty years with the money handed over annually by the American "investing" public to stock swindlers.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH's early home has fallen into ruins and now is being utilized as a cattle shed.

PSYCHOLOGICAL tests tend to prove the Chinese method of vertical writing and printing causes less eyestrain and permits quicker reading than the "across the page" method.

A MONOPOLY of the quinine market is held by the Netherlands Government.

THE LOTTERY is a national institution in Spain. All participate, from the richest grandee to the humblest newsboy. The prize is known as the *gordo* (fat fellow).

TWO FUNNELS, both superfluous, are carried on the world's largest motorship as a concession to appearance, as passengers do not like to see a ship without them.

FLINDERS Street Station, Melbourne, Australia, handles 238,000 passengers daily, a traffic unequaled by any other station in the British colonies.

WORKERS in a Bisbee, Arizona, copper mine recently broke into a limestone cave 200 feet long, 80 feet wide and 40 feet high.

THE SO-CALLED "cold light" of luminous fishes and insects is the result of oxidation, but the heat, possibly less than one-thousandth of one degree, cannot be measured by present instruments.

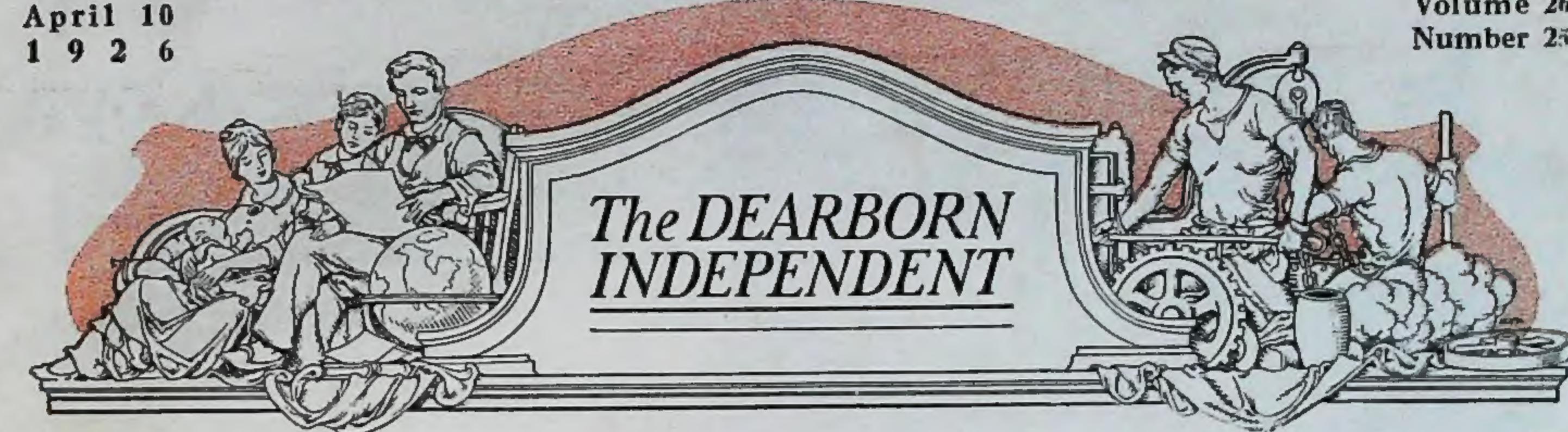
SCIENTIFIC research in the course of 150 years has increased the productivity of labor fourfold, halved the time required to perform routine work, and enabled each person to consume twice as much wealth as formerly.

AN AMERICAN fruit company in Central America furnishes free medical advice by wireless from its hospitals to steamships in the Caribbean.

SMALL-CHESTED men live longest, according to insurance company statistics.

FRENCH Legion of Honor members must now buy their own crosses; and the beautiful parchment decrees have been replaced by paper ones.

April 10
1926



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the great assistance which the "wets" are giving to the "dry" cause.

This generation of youth is no worse than its predecessors—not as bad. It knows more—it should. "Why she knows more than her mother did at her age!" Mighty good thing she does. Knowledge is protection. We older ones think of some kinds of knowledge as a stain—probably because ours came that way. Some people have a knack with bad boys and can bring them round. Other people, lacking the knack, should keep hands off. Surprising how things right themselves when the nagging ceases. Nagging begets irritation and resistance. Here is the story of a bad boy. (p. 8)

You heard the common slander on your Government, but did you resent it? No—because you did not know how. They said your Government was cruelly keeping immigrant families apart. They told you sob stories of poor people separated by our cruel immigration laws. Our laws are known beforehand by every immigrant who comes and *he separates himself from his own family*—he does it, *we do not*. And his family can come in their quota. We resent the lying slanders heaped without rebuke upon the considered laws of the United States. Read the truth about it. (p. 22)

Everybody used to "eat with his knife," that is, convey food from plate to mouth by means of the knife. An "Office Chat" tells you why. (p. 21)

Most of us have seen enough pictures of mountains and castles and cathedrals; we want to know how to live when we get to London and Paris. Notice the "we." Even school-kids go abroad now. Student tours, 36 days, \$365, put foreign travel within everyone's reach. You remember Mr. Dillon's article, "I Rented a House in England," in our March 13 number. Here is another of the same kind—"Housekeeping in a Paris Flat"—with everything you want to know, very entertainingly told. (p. 3)

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Jews and Irish in *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Kosher Kitty Kelly* and *Hogan's Alley*? Read his remarks in "Office Chats." (p. 21)

As an interlude in the prohibition squabble, Dirk P. De Young rises to inquire "Are We a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers?" We here in the United States consume half the coffee output of the world. At that we average only one cup per capita, per diem. If all the world had a cup a day, there would be an enormous coffee shortage—90 per cent of the world would go coffee dry. Our forty-million cups of coffee may be Mocha or Java or something else by name, but it is mostly all South American. There is no coffee publicity in the writer's statement that coffee moderately used is not injurious to health. We let the statement stand because the exception is probably one in half a million. There may be immoderate coffee drinkers, but a cup a day for each American hardly proves us to be immoderate as a nation. (p. 19)

Out of every great career, little careers trickle on their way, each with its own interest. What, for example, was the later life of the man charged with complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, John H. Surratt? His mother was hanged for the crime, but he escaped. What befell him between that time and his death in 1916, would make the most thrilling fiction were it not the unadorned truth. The author is F. L. Black, whose research into the myth of John Wilkes Booth's escape and survival is so well known. (p. 14)

Golf—what a wallop that imported word is coming to have in America! It sounds like the first breath of spring and carries in the magic of summer and the golden light of long fragrant autumn days. It seems that American golfers are challenging the world. (p. 12)

Is President Coolidge changing his mind about European affairs? It looks like it. Events are now proving the arguments of those who said that the World Court was a League bait. Read the Editorial—"The President Sees and Speaks." (p. 10)

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Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy

His Passion for Accuracy Conflicted With
Newspapermen Who Ignored Serious Things
to Ask Him "What He Ate for Breakfast"

PART

III.

By

HUSTON THOMPSON

distinctly thorough. Instead of his passion for accuracy, especially for accuracy in statement, decreasing as he entered political life it grew more meticulous. Confronted by any new problem he devoted himself to it conscientiously, got together all the facts pertaining to it, and then thought it out to a logical conclusion. Such was his attitude toward his duty as a candidate for President. He was tremendously serious about it. He felt the weight of a great responsibility and did everything in his power to treat it as such.

But the newspaper correspondents wanted to know what he ate for breakfast!

He believed that the country was preparing for a "solemn referendum," and his disgust was immeasurable when, after delivering what he considered an important address on some vital,

large cities but in the small towns, on the farms, in the valleys and mountains where people had time to think. Turning aside playfully from his theme he humorously said:

"Public opinion in America comes from the crossroad store, where men sit around the stove on a winter evening and spit into a sawdust box; and whatever else may be said of the habit of chewing tobacco, this much must be said in its favor: It makes men think because they have to stop between sentences to spit."

He was horrified to discover, the next morning, that the newspaper reports practically ignored the serious part of his address but proclaimed to the world in headlines that "Chewing tobacco makes men think, says Wilson."

But despite his attitude toward the press, he had a dramatic, impressionistic way of presenting a situation that compelled recognition. In the 1916 campaign he produced a remarkable contrast with Mr. Roosevelt, whose name he refused to mention throughout the campaign, despite the latter's

frantic references and utterances to draw him into doing so. His impersonal, unnamed rejoinders to Mr. Roosevelt's attacks put the former "Bull Moose" leader in a position similar to a pugilist who shadow-boxes with an invisible opponent.

This method of President Wilson's almost drove Roosevelt to despair. At the same time the reading public, through the press pictures of the situation, was having unconsciously etched upon its mind the picture of an adroit personality that was very persuasive.

It was a rare sight on those beautiful October afternoons in 1916 at charming "Shadow Lawn" when President Wilson, speaking from the front porch of his summer residence to tens of thousands of Democratic pilgrims, would lift that accusing index finger of his right hand, and pointing at an imaginary Roosevelt, answer his latest attack by always smilingly addressing him as "the articulate part of the Republican party."

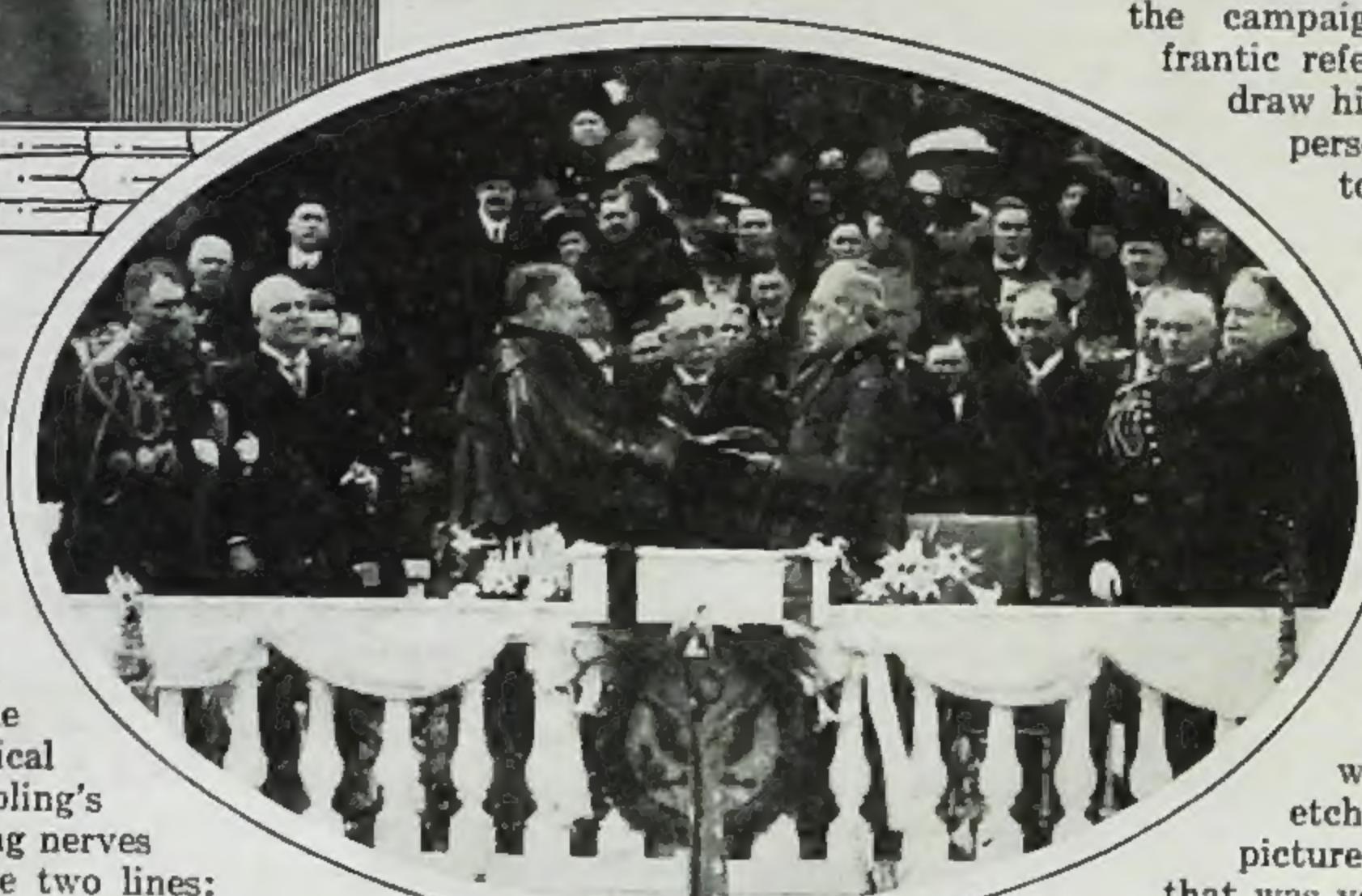
(Continued on page 25)



UPON more than one occasion in the 1912 campaign, Woodrow Wilson labored under an unsuspected strain which taxed his wonderful reserve of patience and forbearance to the limit. Like the mythical hero of Rudyard Kipling's *If* he restored his fighting nerves with the thought in the two lines:

"If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies."

Mr. Wilson was shocked at the newspaper interpretation of his candidacy. As the campaign got under way his feeling grew from surprise and disappointment to indignation and disgust. His whole life had been studious and methodical. He was also



Above—President Wilson snapped in a moment of action at St. Louis on his trip around the country. Oval—Inauguration of President Wilson, surrounded by the familiar faces of a number of governmental notables.

economic issue, he would pick up a newspaper and read that: "Wilson rides in seat thirteen."

In an address in New York on one occasion he was discussing public opinion. He said it did not originate in



Apartments on the short rue des Eaux, in Passy, where the author lived.



Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat

How Two Americans Fared in the French Capital and "Got to Love Passy"

By PHILIP ROBERT DILLON

quarter to live. It is not nice. Go to Passy. You will love Passy!"

These English friends were successful business people who lived in a large handsome house at Sydenham, London. It is essential that successful business people of London should live only in certain sections of London which are recognized by society leaders as proper residence sections. We found out later that "successful" business people of Paris live anywhere they like, many of them in unfashionable sections, and the place of residence in Paris doesn't make nearly so much difference, socially, as it does in London, or even New York.

Mrs. Bindle was our English housekeeper, an elderly woman of Devonshire, with all the conservatism of the West-of-England people, who still hold their tradition of superiority to the French that has been handed down from past centuries, particularly from the time of the Napoleonic Wars. She was a competent cook and manager in the English way, and had managed our house in Somerset three months and our flat in London two months with thorough efficiency. She had voyaged to America but never to France. She knew not one word of the French language.

Mrs. Bindle agreed to undertake the adventure, and indeed it was a great adventure for the three of us, to plunge into housekeeping in Paris for a six-month stay, not knowing the city nor the language. My own French was of the theoretical sort learned in school years ago. But our traveled American friends had said: "English is spoken everywhere in the world, now," and we had swallowed that comforting statement.

So we three arrived at the *Gare du Nord* in Paris, one sunny day in November, and went to a small hotel near the Madeleine, temporarily; and four days later installed ourselves in a flat in the rue des Eaux, in the section called Passy.

Our English friends in London had said to us: "Don't go to the Latin

nouveau riche to the heights at the western side of the city; to Passy, Auteuil, Neuilly, on the right bank adjoining the great park called Bois de Boulogne.

Yet the left bank still holds on socially. Myron T. Herrick, the American ambassador, lived there, near the tomb of Napoleon, until this year when he moved to the new American embassy in Passy on the right bank.

And it must not be forgotten that the University of Paris is on the left bank, and also the Luxembourg Gardens, one of the beauty spots of the world, and the parliament of France —both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate.

But, when one does not know a city, it is well to take the advice of eminent *bourgeois* friends. It is always safe. Only the sophisticated may move at once into a bohemian environment, such as the Latin Quarter. So we went to Passy, and it is true that we did get to "love" Passy.

I went first to an English real estate agent, the best known in the city. "I want a furnished flat in Passy," I said, "three bedrooms, drawing-room, dining room, kitchen, and bath; central heating and elevator."

"How much do you want to pay?"

"Twelve hundred to fourteen hundred francs a month for six months" (\$60 to \$70 a month).

He looked at me scornfully and closed the book, saying: "We have nothing less than 2,500 francs a month."

I went to a French agency in Avenue Champs Elysées, a large concern where not one of the personnel spoke English.

Yes, they had furnished apartments, "four pieces" for as low as 1,600 francs on the left bank, and three such in Passy for 1,800 francs a month.



Mrs. Bindle came in from her marketing with her face beaming.

The obvious thing to do was to go and look at the rooms.

I paid fifty francs registration fee and signed a paper agreeing to pay in addition ten per cent of the first month's rent if I completed the lease. The landlord would also pay the agency a commission on his part. Then they gave me the addresses of three apartments in Passy.

The second one I visited was in rue des Eaux. Here I made the pleasing discovery that a "four piece" apartment in Paris means actually six rooms and sometimes seven. The kitchen and small bedroom for a domestic servant are not counted as "pieces," nor is the hall which may be bigger than the kitchen, nor the butler's pantry if there be one.

This apartment in rue des Eaux was on the ground floor in a six-story building with elevator. It had a large entrance hall, large *salon* (drawing-room), dining room, kitchen, two large bedrooms and one small bedroom, large bathroom, and many closets. There was steam heat and a fireplace in each of the "pieces." There was electric lighting, and in the kitchen was a combination stove for both gas and coal.

The *salon* was handsomely paneled in mauve. The furnishings of the entire apartment were sparingly elegant, though worn. The china was sufficient, with a slight tendency to elegance. Only the cutlery was inferior, being of commonplace steel and showing that it had been sharpened by the grinder for many years. I again regretted, as in England, that I had not brought our own table silver with us from New York.

Blankets and quilts were upon the beds, but no linen, nor was there any table linen. We found that it is the rule in Paris that the tenant shall furnish the linen and silver, but exceptions are increasing and probably landlords will eventually furnish linen, and perhaps silver. We hired our linen

by the week from a concern which specializes in that business.

I accepted the flat and so informed the *concierge* (the superintendent or janitor who has charge of a building and who is almost always a woman). She spoke not a word of English, nor did the landlord.

Next day I returned and signed the lease, which the landlord's lawyer had prepared. I found that the price of the flat was 1,825 francs a month. I asked the *concierge*: "What is the extra 25 francs for?"

"It is for the renting agency," she said.

So the landlord made me pay his part of the agency commission, as well as my own, and two months' rent in advance.

Then we took the inventory, the *concierge* and myself, noting every crack in every dish, and every spot in each curtain, carpet and rug. On the day we left, six months later, we again took the inventory, and I had to pay for every additional crack and spot and bruise on the furniture. These extra cracks and spots cost me about fifteen dollars.

Thus the rent and charges, not including the *concierge's* monthly tip nor the breakages of china, amounted to approximately \$100 a month.

We had paid Mrs. Bindle in England 18 shillings a week (about \$4.00) which was higher than the prevailing wages. We translated this into French money and continued her wages at 85 francs a week; the prevailing rate at Paris a year ago for what is called a "general" in England and is called a "maid to do all" (*bonne à tout faire*) in France, was 240 francs a month (\$12.00).

It was borne in upon us crushingly from the first day that if you want to

keep house in Passy without any knowledge of French, you must be prepared for misery. We hunted the neighborhood to a distance of half a mile for any grocery, butcher shop, bakery, vegetable shop where they spoke English. Not one could we find. Several drug stores displayed the sign "English spoken." Later we found out that one ought to take such signs with a grain of salt.

Mrs. Bindle was panic-stricken. At first I went with her to buy our groceries, and gave her lessons in French money. Later she would go alone to the nearest shops and would manage to get things by pointing her finger at them as they lay or hung in the shop. I gave her a small book in which the shopkeepers would write the names of the articles purchased, the quantity and the price, all in French.

After a couple of weeks she had mastered the rudiments: That a kilogram ("kilo" for short) is 2 pounds, that a litre is about a quart. She never grasped the hectogram ("hecto" for short) which is one-fifth of a pound, nor the metre nor any other French unit of lineal measure. Fortunately, the French still use the term "livre" (pound) and mark the price of meats and vegetables very often by the "livre." Mrs. Bindle pronounced it liver, just like the liver of "liver and bacon," and got to know it was a pound. The French pronounce it almost like the last syllable in "believe."

One day Mrs. Bindle came in from her marketing with her face beaming and she burst out in delight, "I have found a lovely American lady. She lives near here."

She related how she was in a grocery shop trying to buy spices and things that were not in sight while the shopkeeper was shaking his head hopelessly, not understanding her, when a lady who was waiting to be served, spoke in English and vol-

(Concluded on page 31)



We took the inventory, noting every crack in every dish.

Never Separated a Single Family

Open-Door Immigration Strategists Slander the United States Government

THE "melting pot" of the United States is perilously near boiling over again!

Up to March 1, a total of 67 bills designed to modify the immigration law had been introduced in the House of Representatives alone, and many more in the Senate. With two exceptions all seek to amend the act of 1924 so that various classes of aliens may enter.

An idea of the enormous increase that would follow if all the "open door" policy bills were enacted into law is gained from often repeated statements of Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, chairman of the House Immigration Committee, and one of the leading authorities on that subject in the world.

"If all the various proposals intended to modify the law were to be adopted, five million aliens could enter," is Johnson's startling announcement.

Not all this tremendous influx would come at once—the governmental machinery could not handle it. But passage of the various bills would result in a million aliens entering annually.

"The United States would then again be confronted with the same conditions which led to the passage of the 1924 law," Johnson says.

Who is back of all these proposals to let the bars down?

Most of the legislation is the product of Congressmen from New York or Chicago—cities already overflowing with huge foreign-born populations.

Foremost among the various organizations openly appearing before the House Immigration Committee is the American Jewish Congress. In fact, its president, Rabbi Stephen Wise, of New York, in testifying recently to urge passage of the most liberal of all the

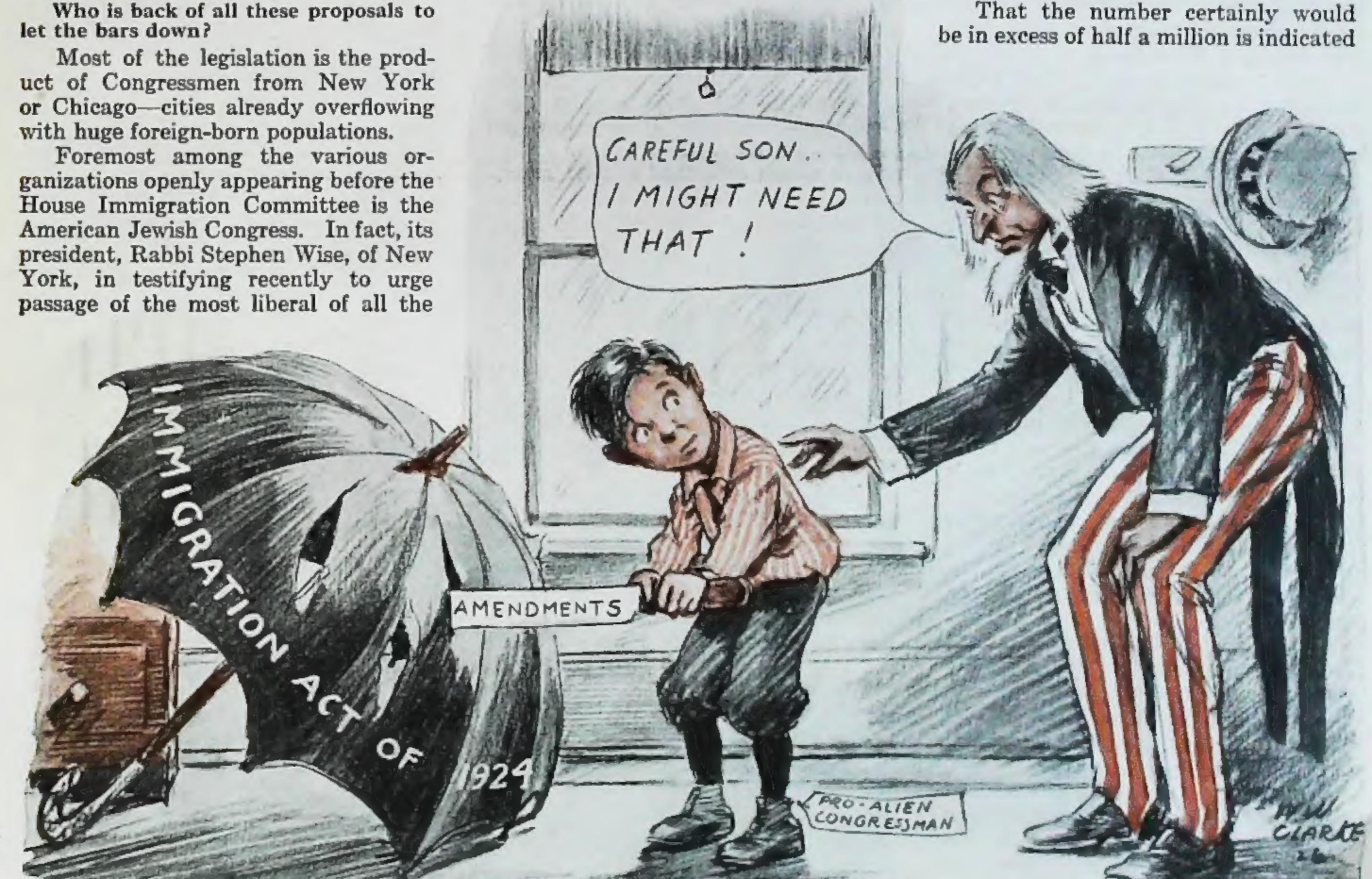
By KENNETH WATSON
DRAWING BY W. W. CLARKE

At present wives of American citizens and alien children under 18 years of age are exempted from the quota provisions of the law. Representative Perlman is endeavoring to raise the age limit to 21 years and to provide further that not only wives of citizens, but their fathers and mothers as well may enter outside the quota provisions.

Perlman further urges that the same privilege of entering beyond the quota be extended to the same category of relatives of any honorably discharged veteran of the American military or naval forces in the World War. Not content with thus liberalizing the law, Perlman also stipulates in his bill that all aliens legally admitted to the United States prior to July 1, 1924, who have declared their intentions even of trying to become American citizens, shall be entitled to bring in the same class of relatives outside the quotas.

Just how many aliens would be added annually to our alien influx if the Perlman bill passes is problematical. Supporters of the measure place the number as low as 40,000 to 50,000 annually, but many Congressmen contend the migration would reach more than a million aliens a year in addition to the 164,667 permitted to come in under the quota.

That the number certainly would be in excess of half a million is indicated



by incomplete, but official, estimates prepared by American consuls abroad and telegraphed to the Department of State in response to a request made by Representative Johnson.

The Immigration Committee chairman had asked Secretary of State Kellogg to have the consuls in countries affected by the quota law prepare estimates on the number of relatives in their districts who would be admissible to the United States if the Perlman bill were enacted.

On February 24, after partial returns had reached the State Department, Assistant Secretary Wilbur J. Carr advised Johnson that the number of such relatives was already officially estimated at 577,450. More than half of this number, or 350,000, it was estimated, would be able to emigrate from Italy alone.

Other large numbers were reported from most other Southern European nations whose tremendous influx into the United States after the war prompted Congress to "clamp down the lid." These estimates include 60,000 for Czechoslovakia; 20,000 from Yugoslavia; 15,000 from Hungary; 10,000 from Syria; 8,700 from Russia; 5,100 from Lithuania; 5,000 from Rumania; 1,700 from Greece and 1,000 from Palestine.

Great Britain's total was estimated at 42,700, including Ireland. Other Northern European countries were placed as follows: Germany, 8,500; Norway, 4,500; and the Netherlands, 600.

On March 1, the State Department advised Johnson that estimates just received from other consulates had increased the total number of relatives of our alien population eligible to enter the United States under the Perlman bill to 622,000. Even this estimate is incomplete as numerous consuls have not had sufficient time to prepare accurate estimates.

While this total of 622,000 admissible aliens may not exactly reflect the result of passage of the Perlman bill, it is at least accurate enough to reveal that the number of relatives permitted to enter would be ten or twelve times greater than the maximum estimates

**Congress Is
Not a
Divorce Court**

The attack made on the present immigration law by Rabbi Wise aroused considerable resentment during one of the hearings on the Perlman bill and precipitated a clash between him and Representative Johnson.

Rabbi Wise had commented on the fact that Perlman has made the claim that \$80,000 has been paid into the United States Treasury by aliens for consular visé fees, but that still they were not permitted to enter.

"Let me ask you right now. Congress is accused of acting as a divorce court in putting asunder 'those whom God hath joined together.' Have you any knowledge as to whether parts of

families are coming to the United States now within the quotas as advance agents for their families?" Representative Johnson asked.

Rabbi Wise replied that he had no such information.

"You who are expert in the problem of immigration and European history, knowing as you do the economic state of Jews in Russia and Poland and Rumania today, I wonder whether it is quite accurate to describe the immigrant, driven by economic necessity, by social oppression, by racial discrimi-

"Don't you know, as a matter of fact, that the immigration law of the United States has never separated a single family?" asked Representative Holaday.

"I do not know that," Representative Perlman replied.

"That they all came here voluntarily; that they can return at any time. I notice in this morning's paper that there are 10 ships sailing from New York to Europe. The statement that is generally made, that the immigration law separates families, I seriously object to," Representative Holaday declared in no uncertain tone.

ination, by religious antagonism—that is, driven to this country or to seek admittance to this country, whether it is quite fair to speak of him as the advance agent of his family," he said with considerable feeling.

"Just exactly as fair as to stand there where you stand and charge that the Congress of the United States is acting as a divorce court," Johnson retorted.

A few minutes later another clash developed. It ensued when Johnson picked up a book written by a French author which described alleged activities of an organization known as the *Alliance Israélites Universelle* in inducing persecuted peoples of Europe to migrate to the United States.

"I suppose the public will have to admit that the legislation spoken of (immigration laws) became necessary because of the activities of such organizations, including one called the *Alliance Israélites Universelle* from 1860 to 1910 to promote this immigration?" Johnson asked.

Rabbi Wise declared with emphasis that this particular organization had not sought to induce Jews to leave Europe and emigrate to the United States.

Previous to the occasion that Rabbi Wise appeared in support of the Perlman bill the author of the measure also aroused some of the committee members by his denunciation of the present quota law.

Representative William P. Holaday, one of the restrictionists on the Committee, asked Representative Perlman to state in what manner he considered the present law inhuman.

"Because it separates families; be-

cause a husband who is here cannot have his children come and join him; because the wife as a citizen of the United States cannot bring her husband here," Perlman replied.

This claim, which is so frequently advanced by persons contending the law is unjust, has been so frequently shattered that Representative Holaday was not long in doing so again.

But quite apart from the perfectly logical argument advanced by the Illinois Congressman that there is nothing to stop reuniting of families abroad, the fact remains that unless physically, mentally or morally disqualified, *relatives of citizens can join them in the United States*. Possibly the uniting cannot take place this year, but in no admissible cases will the delay be much longer than that period.

Strangely enough one of the other especially determined onslaughts to batter down the immigration barriers came during hearings on one of the two bills which provides for strengthening the present law. This is the so-called Box bill to place Mexico, Canada, and the countries of South and Central America on the same quota basis as European nations. It was introduced by Representative John C. Box, of Texas, another strict restrictionist on the House Immigration Committee, and has a companion bill known as the Bacon bill, drafted by Representative Robert Bacon, of New York, which would apply the quota to Mexico only of the above nations.

Opposition to the Box bill, however, took an entirely different tact than the humanitarian appeal stressed by proponents of the Perlman bill. Here interests seeking a supply of "cheap" labor came forward with the song and dance that "agriculture in the West and Middle West is doomed" unless more labor can be obtained.

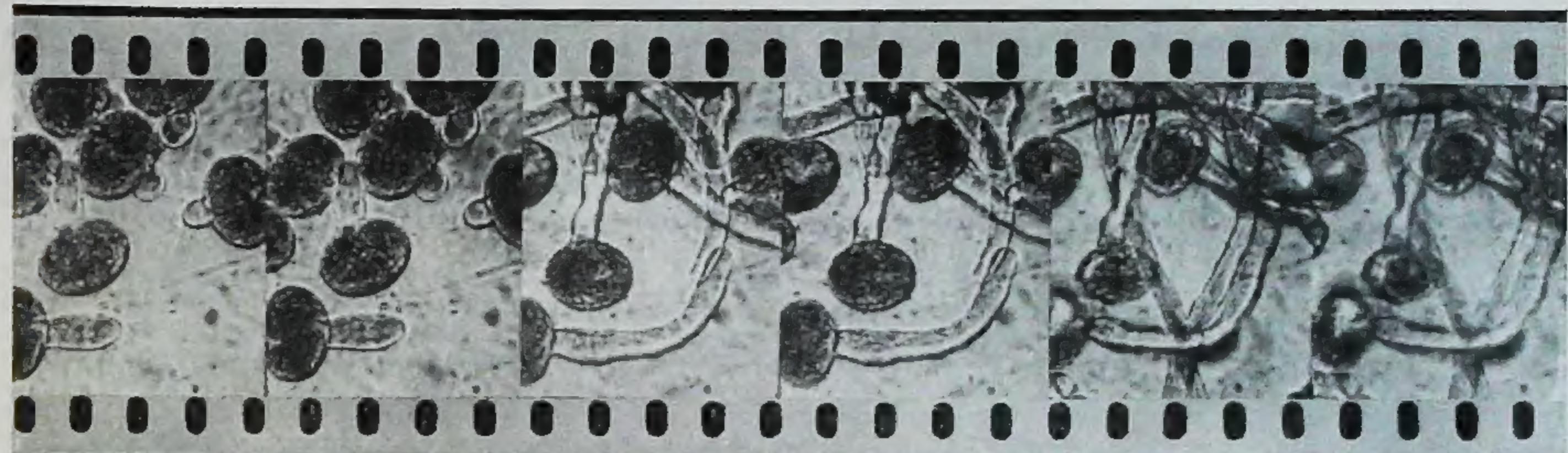
The hearings developed the startling fact that beet sugar manufacturers are

*The Matter of
the
Mexican Peons*

seeking to break down the strict contract-labor laws, which have been in effect for forty-odd years, in order to bring in thousands of Mexican peons to work in beet fields of Colorado, Montana, Michigan, Ohio, Minnesota, Nebraska, and other Western and Middle Western states.

The admission was drawn reluctantly from C. V. Maddux, labor commissioner of the Great Western Sugar Company, of Denver, during the last few minutes of most extensive hearings. Maddux acted as chairman and principal spokesman for a group of the sugar manufacturers and western Chamber of Commerce officials styling themselves as a "group of farmer delegates."

In stressing the needs for agricultural labor, Maddux and every other one of the 30-odd witnesses had been careful not to mention contract-labor. Most of them had been content merely to urge repeal of the \$10 visé fee and \$8 head tax, which (Concluded on page 22)



Sections from the first microscopic motion picture made, showing process of fertilization of a flower by pollen grains. First two panels show pollen grains sending out tubes of protoplasm under influence of the liquid content of the stigma of a flower. The second pair of views shows these tubes well developed, and the third group shows them fully extended.

Life and Death Act on the Screen

A. C. Pillsbury Films Bacteria and Pollen in Action; Motion Pictures of Flower Fertilization

By

H. H. DUNN

series of death, just as you and I watch actors and actresses on the motion-picture screen.

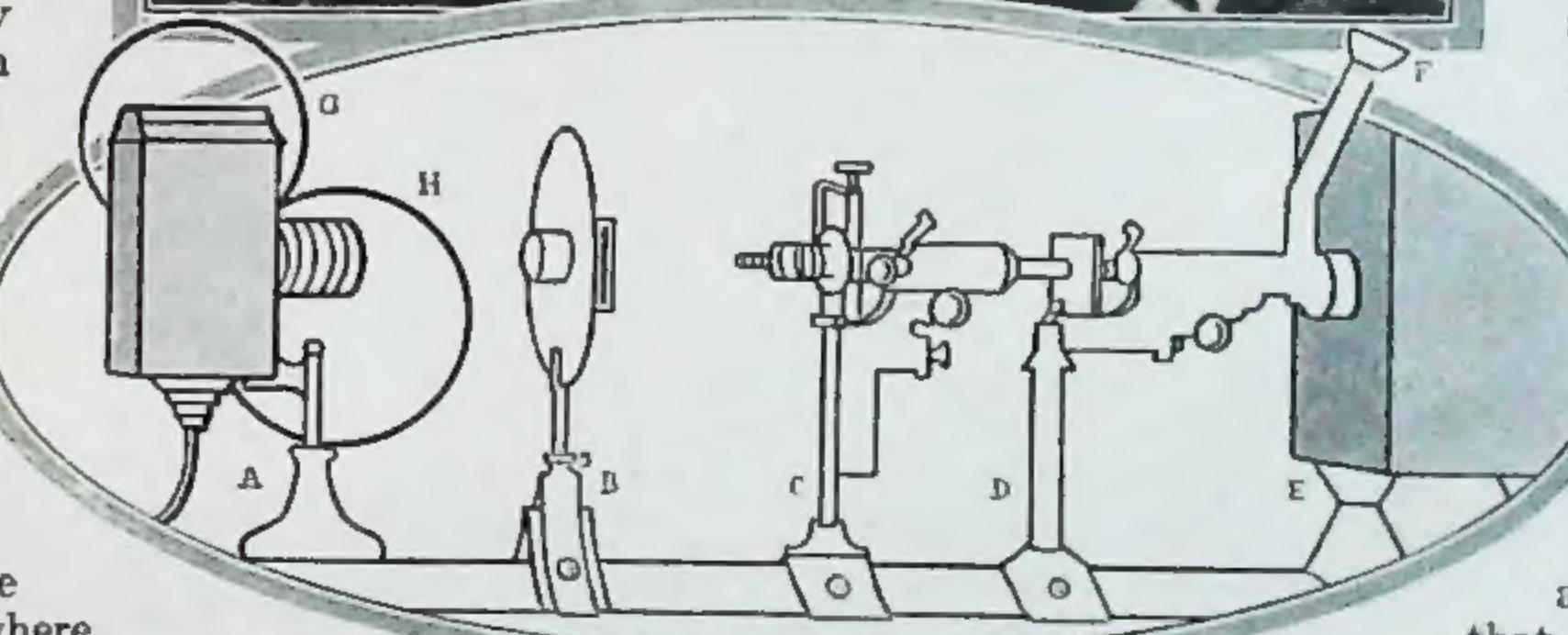
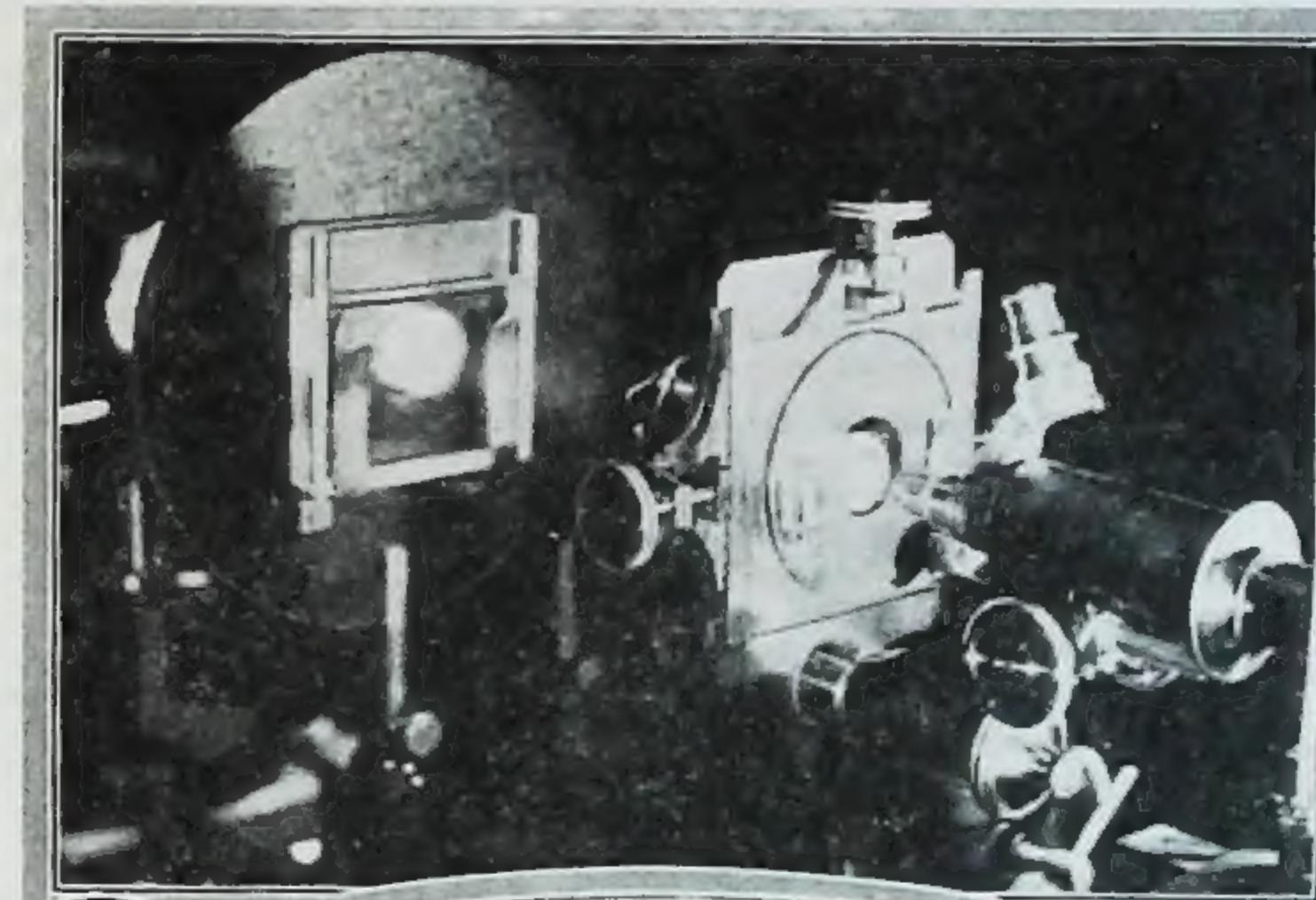
Magnified 110,000 times, these bacteria go through their processes of reproduction, growth, destruction of tissues, contact with blood corpuscles, and, finally and most important, reveal the effect upon themselves of bacteriophages, or hostile bacteria introduced into the glass slide which makes the stage on which they perform.

In the making of these microscopic motion pictures it is possible to present the bacteria under any and all conditions, natural and unnatural, in cultures and in actual blood or tissue, and to make lasting records of the effects upon them of all the disease-combating agencies known to man. Heretofore, it has been necessary to study the effect of these remedial agencies with the eye through the microscope, the resulting records being open to error. But the eyes of the microscope and the motion-picture camera, synchronized in this new process, never err. What the bacteria do, that the camera records, literally picking the picture out of the eyepiece of the double-microscope.

The bacillus of typhoid fever, for example, moves so rapidly

that the human eye, even when aided by the best of microscopes, is unable to endure the strain of watching it for more than a few minutes at a time, and it is claimed that accurate pic-

(Concluded on page 22)



Above—The stage on which minute living creatures are photographed. It consists of a glass slide in front of the microscope. Oval—Working arrangement of instruments, A being a light, C the primary microscope and E the motion picture camera.

What's the Matter With Jim?

The Story of a Boy Who Would Only Work When He Thought It Play

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL
ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

JIM wants to drive me in an automobile from Philadelphia to Los Angeles in forty hours. "Do it? Sure I can do it," he says. "We'll cross the plains at a hundred miles an hour; we'll go over the mountains at eighty."

Jim really means what he says. And he might do it, too. Jim is likely to wind up famous—or else as a convict for life. It all depends on the way society treats him. Jim has the physique of a boy of nineteen, but a spirit that has never grown up. He interests me intensely just because I have met thousands of boys like him. They are in jails or institutions for delinquents, and the only reason they are there is because they haven't found a harmless game to play, the way Jim has, with his speed mania and his rebuilt autos.

Nobody ever noticed anything out of the ordinary about Jim, as a small boy, except that his school-teachers said they could never make him take any study seriously. All boys like to play, but Jim never liked to do anything else. Finally the grammar school promoted him into the high school just to get rid of him. His eternal spirit of play had upset the decorum of the whole school.

Jim really learned something in high school. He did well in mathematics, because he found it was something like a game that he could play

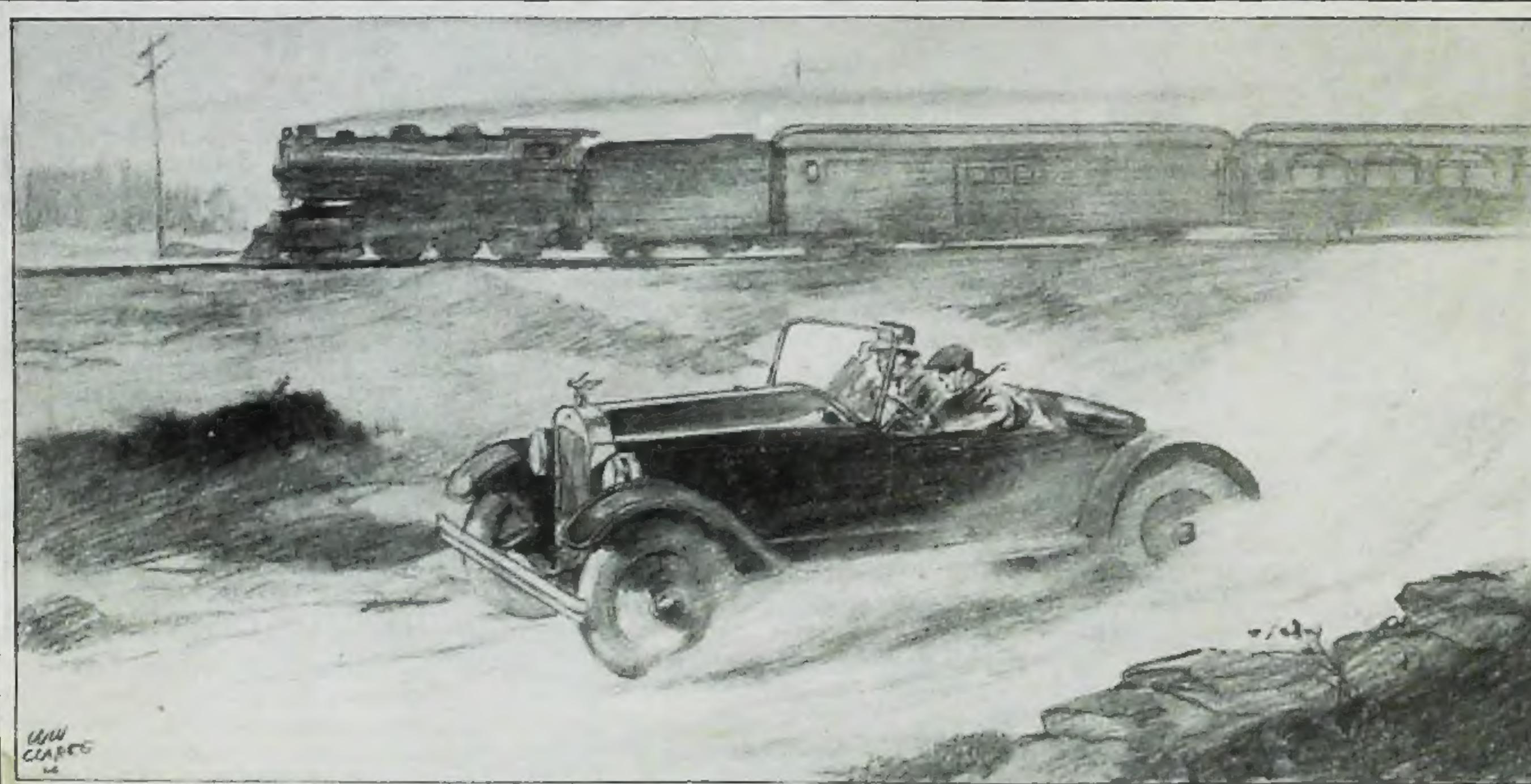
because of the dust, and he ran into the fence and a plank went straight through his body. His wife was in the grand stand and saw him killed."

Since I have come to know him, Jim has frequently told me that most automobile racers are killed sooner or later. Jim wants to be an automobile racer.

He isn't cold-blooded; but imagination was left out of his make-up and its place is filled by a vast boyish craving for excitement. He is a perfectly normal youth, but has carried over beyond adolescence the play-spirit of a boy of twelve years.

On the way back from the Jonesville races, Jim took the wheel and stepped on the gas. He was on fire with the excitement of what he had seen. But he emulated those racers too well. At a sharp turn in the road he went through the fence at forty miles an hour, and turned over in a ditch; and he came to in the hospital with the bridge of his nose smashed in. Twice since then a bit of bone from his shin has been grafted into his nose, but it doesn't look natural yet.

Jim's father paid the groceryman \$200 for the smashed car, and put the boy to work with him in the factory. He developed a passion for machinery, and worked so hard the foreman said he'd wear himself out at that rate in a year. But it didn't last. One Sunday (Concluded on page 27)



Jim wants to be an automobile racer; he tries to beat all the trains if we are running parallel to the tracks.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

it is becoming "drier" all the time because of them. Here is history before our eyes, with one of its most obvious lessons, namely, that movements are composed of opposing forces, and that the negative force is not to be despised. Without it there is no victory.

See how the saloon created this great tide of prohibition sentiment in the first place. For 100 years, America asked the public house to be a good community neighbor. It refused. America asked it to exclude little children from the bar. It refused. The refusal goaded public sentiment into passing ordinances. The saloon refused to obey. This refusal caused the level of public sentiment to rise high enough for enforcement. Reform after reform was suggested, each refused by the saloon. Each refusal added height to the head of public sentiment, and year after year it rose higher and higher, lifted by the assininity of saloon leadership. Higher and higher, year by year, until at length it leaped the dam and swept away the whole business. Prohibition was born in the stupidity of the liquor leaders.

And that stupidity still favors the movement. Just now tremendous efforts are being made to lift prohibition to the status of the big issue in the next campaign. The "wets" are financing those efforts, just as the poor saloon-keeper of other days financed the very campaigns that sealed the doom of his business. The last liquor dollars are going now for a campaign whose only possible issue is to make possible the enforcement of prohibition. If, as they say, enforcement is impossible now, their further efforts against it are the only thing needed to make it possible.

This is the way history is made. *The opposition brings the thing to pass.*

To know history is to have no fear whatever of the fate of good causes. However unfortunate they may be in their friends, they are always most fortunate in their enemies.

It is a great historical movement we are witnessing, the spectacle of a nation acting after a century of deliberation to administer self-discipline, to enforce a self-imposed reform. All are caught up into that movement; all are assisting that movement whether they vote "for" or "against." No argument can deprive the "wets" of the lion's share in crystallizing the public opinion that has made and will keep the country out of partnership with booze.

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid \$1.00.

EDITORIALS

The President Sees and Speaks!

IT WOULD now appear that the march of events is to accomplish what the voice of the American people would have done had it been permitted to be heard. The League of Nations and its subsidiary, the World Court, are steadily shedding their disguises and are being seen of all the world for just what they are—unworthy of the high names they have borne, mere agencies for the unregenerated political prejudices of Europe.

Events are proving the truth and sincerity of the arguments lately urged in this country against our participation in the World Court. Its proponents falsely preached that the Court was no part of the League. Now the League itself gives them the lie by assembling the members of the League to say whether the United States can enter the World Court under the terms we have made. If the League is honest it will not permit us to enter because our so-called "reservations" make the Court something less than a Court, and make us something less than a member.

However, the evil spirit of Europe is not dead. That which wrecked Europe is still active. In two months it destroyed Locarno, threw the League into its true place, and thoroughly exposed the humbug of the proposed disarmament conferences. The League and all its political appendages is now seen not to be the savior of Europe but its cat's-paw. Events have disclosed what argument expressed and wisdom foresaw.

There can be no partisan satisfaction in this, no satisfaction at all except that the broken reed on which the world was invited to rest its weight is now proved to be broken. It is not the idea of a League of Nations that we oppose, but the insufficiency of this *League* which is a sham and a delusion and a snare. It is not the idea of a World Court which we oppose, but the present World Court as the legal agent of the sham League of Nations. It is a great day for the World when shams are shown to be shams. It will throw the world back upon the realities, among which are sincere good will and a wise comprehension of the bases of peace.

No blame attaches to the statesmen of Europe. With the utmost good will they cannot make bricks without straw.

There is satisfaction, however, that our own Country was spared the deception. One nation high and dry is of more aid to the world

than if it too were floundering in the upset of Europe's incorrigible passions. No thanks to anyone for this, but to the Providence that has signal purposes for this Republic.

It is of the greatest importance, as well as the highest gratification, that the Washington authorities, and the President especially, give evidence that they see things as they are. We quote here a Washington dispatch from the political correspondent of the *Detroit News* (March 18), which indicates our Government's attitude at present:

American return to more active participation in international councils, pressed in the resolution of adhesion to the World Court and President Coolidge's tentative acceptance of a place in the proposed League of Nations disarmament conference, has been set very far in the future by the recent developments at Geneva in the opinion of our ablest European representatives.

Alanson B. Houghton, ambassador to Great Britain, and Hugh S. Gibson, minister to Switzerland, who advised with the President and Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State, have painted the gloomiest sort of picture of the situation, as affecting international accord. They have said in effect that the nations of Europe have learned nothing from the World War and that the condition today is only less dangerous than in the years before 1914 in the respect that the powers are so impoverished as to make it difficult for them to carry on war.

There is no present hope of a successful conference for reduction of armaments, either on land or sea, the President has been told, and the Locarno pacts, so hopefully hailed as the beginning of general European accord, actually are working to accentuate the division of the Continent into two antagonistic camps.

The main points of the report of the ambassadors are substantially as follows:

The League of Nations no longer is a world league. It is a European council which is engaged in splitting into two camps . . .

The European powers do not want to disarm and do not relish participation of the United States in their councils. Each side is merely using this country in an effort to pull its particular chestnuts out of the fire . . .

The President has been told that the proposal of the disarmament conference in its beginning did not spring from any sincere desires of the European powers to disarm. Rather, Messrs. Houghton and Gibson have said, it was forced on them by considerations of the provisions of the Versailles Treaty in the course of the conference at Locarno.

In a second dispatch, the *Detroit News* (March 19) said further:

The exceedingly pessimistic views of American Government officials with regard to the European situation constitute the most amazing turn in the tortuous course of American foreign policy that has occurred in many a day.

It is not so much that President Calvin Coolidge and Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg are discouraged with the outlook for settlement of the manifold disputes existing between the European powers, as that they have suddenly adopted a policy of frankly revealing this state

of mind. The statement as to the situation, while it was blanketed with the anonymity always applied to American governmental disclosures regarding foreign affairs, came from such a highly official source and it was so definite in tone as to startle all those who heard it . . .

On the side of future developments the whole statement pointed to an early withdrawal of American acceptance of the disarmament invitation as the first step in return to a policy of strict isolation from all matters political in Europe. The inference was unmistakable that from now on we will keep hands off in all respects, at least until there is a distinct change of heart on the part of the European nations . . .

There is reason to believe that the real design of the American Government in its outgiving was to indicate to Great Britain that she must get out of the internal intanglements of European politics if she is to expect further American support in adjustment of the economic difficulties of the continent . . .

If It's Pagan, It's Harmless

WHEN Gitche Manito, the Good Mystery, created the earth it was bare, without trees or shrubs. Then he created two Indians, a man and a woman. This, in Indian Mythology, represents the Creation. Long ago a great storm came. The Indians baked a great earthen pot and in this pot two of them saved themselves. Also two rattlesnakes were saved in a like manner. When the waters sank a dove was sent to find land. It came back with a grain of sand which immediately stretched becoming dry land. This is the Indian version of the Flood. Thunder has a nest where a very small bird sits upon her eggs during fair weather. When an egg hatches, the skies are rent with bolts of thunder. Such is Indian mythology which is to be taught to the young people of the Cheyenne high school by Chief Brave Hawk, a full-blooded Sioux chieftain from the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota. Fifty years ago Sheridan sent Custer to the Little Big Horn to teach the Indians the power of the Great White Father. Today the grandnephew of Chief Rain-in-The-Face teaches the descendants of the white soldiers the beauties of Indian lore as told to the dusky boys and girls who knelt at the knees of some old Nokomis hundreds of years ago.

And it is all permissible. No one objects. Why should they? For this is not the forbidden Biblical cosmology, it is only a pagan cosmology, and therefore wholly unobjectionable.

How the U. S. Can Boost the Air-Mail

THE air-mail is in a peculiar position so far as public use goes. When railroads came in the Government did not advertise "Send Your Letters by Rail," thus leaving the people a choice between the stagecoaches and the locomotive; the Government simply lifted the mail onto the steam cars and that

was the end of that. The Government made the change. Now, however, the airplane has come in and the Government is satisfied with advertising "Use the Air Mail," giving the citizen his choice between mail train and airplane. Why not make the air-mail an integral part of United States Postal Service by lifting all long-jump mail off the trains and sending it by plane, not at the choice of the sender, but as part of improved Government service. There will still be local mail enough for the trains to carry.

On some of the mail routes only a few ounces of mail are carried every day. The reason for this is that it is left to the sender to decide, and the public impression is that a lot of red tape surrounds the sending of a letter by air-mail. Air-mail could cease being a selective *de luxe* service with a great deal of benefit to itself. It could carry tons where it now carries ounces if the Government itself would use the air routes for the regular transportation of mail where air routes are established.

Air-mail does not promise to become much of a factor in American business until the Government hooks it up with the regular mail service. At present it is largely a matter of romantic interest. We write about air-mail as the melodramatists used to write about "The Night Mail." And most people have in it only a postage stamp interest. The air-mail will grow as it becomes less of a *de luxe* service depending on the selective interest of the public and becomes more the Government's usual method of forwarding our letters.

Pensions for Criminals

FORTY-FIVE years ago, on March 13, Alexander II, Emperor of All the Russians, was assassinated. Nine of the assassins are still alive—although the ferocity of monarchical Russia has been represented as of so vicious a degree that such a fact would be considered impossible. Nevertheless, according to the Soviet officials, nine of the assassins are still living—eight women and one man. To commemorate the event, to encourage the cult of assassination, the enlightened Soviet government has pensioned each of the surviving participants with \$112 a month, an enormous sum in Russia these days, equal to the highest salaries in the government. This is not at all out of the ordinary. In the sand dunes of Michigan, when the United States Government swooped down upon a most secret conclave of the Soviet secret propaganda in America, a list was found of a number of Americans marked for assassination. The reward of past crimes furnishes a very clear proof of the policy which would be followed in the event of future crimes.

Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?



From left to right—Glenna Collett, Francis Ouimet, Macdonald Smith, Walter Hagen.

Americans Will Attempt to Capture Leading British Honors

By
PAUL
MacDONALD

DRAWINGS BY
W. O. FITZGERALD

HIS spring America is launching the strongest offense against Great Britain that she has yet produced. Before the United States again celebrates the anniversary of her independence on July 4, her home-bred golfers will have attempted to capture the leading four golfing honors that will be competed for in the British Isles this year, namely, the British amateur championship, the British open championship, the Walker Cup and the British women's championship.

In her attempt to take from Great Britain the choicest of her golf prizes, the United States has marshaled together the finest array of golfing talent procurable on this side of the Atlantic. She is sending eight amateurs to Great Britain to lift the British amateur championship and again win the Walker Cup, emblematic of international supremacy at golf. She is sending the pick of her professionals to retain the British open title and the best of American women golfers will make her second attempt this year to lift the women's championship.

If the United States fails to win

at least two of the four championships it will not be the result of careless selection and lack of preparation. The group of amateurs that will try first for the British amateur crown and then for the Walker Cup is headed by the brilliant Bobby Jones, probably the best golfer in the world, amateur or professional. Supporting him will be Robert Gardner, Francis Ouimet, Jesse Sweetser, Jesse Guilford, Watts Gunn, George Von Elm and Roland Mackenzie. Nearly all of them have helped make amateur golf history for their native land and it is doubtful if at any time a group of amateurs as talented as this octet has been assembled.

In the British open tournament will be found the best professional golfer the United States has produced, Walter C. Hagen. His reputation is as powerful on the other side as it is in America, for in three years he twice won the British open title and in the other year he was runner-up, missing the championship by a single stroke. Hagen won

at Sandwich in 1922, finished second to Arthur G. Havers at Troon in 1923 and landed first again at Hoylake in 1924. He did not compete last year. "Long Jim" Barnes, present holder of the British open crown, and Macdonald Smith, will also go from these shores and try for Great Britain's open honors.

Smith might have won last year but for the crowds that swarmed the fairways, jostling him and so interfering with his play that the handicap beat him, an occurrence that has since caused British golfing authorities to decide upon an admission price for her big tournaments in the future.



Left to right—Watts Gunn, "Long Jim" Barnes, Bobby Jones and Robert Gardner.

There was no admission in the past and the countryside declared a holiday, people swarming over the links and making play at times impossible.

Miss Glenna Collett will try for the second time to lift the British women's crown, and since Miss Joyce Wethered has announced that she does not intend to compete, the chances of the American girl are excellent. With Miss Wethered engaging in the tournament Miss Collett would be up against a better golfer. Miss Wethered was undoubtedly the best of her sex, but Miss Collett may be ranked second. She failed to win the British title last year, but went to France and captured the French championship. Later in the year she won the United States Women's National. She averaged 78 in her major tournaments in 1925 and turned in a card of 71 in her match with Cyril Tolley, the crack English amateur. The 71 defeated Tolley and stands as one of the finest performances ever de-

livered by a woman golfer.

The British press seems considerably excited over the American invasion this year. English writers point out that America is confident not only of winning one of Great Britain's golf crowns but expects to make a clean sweep, and that

her golfers will return to the United States possessing the Walker Cup, British amateur, British open and British women's titles. And the British press incidentally takes a pessimistic view on England's chances of preventing America from winning two or three of these honors, if not all.

There has naturally been much criticism, and this is directed at the men in control of organized golf in Great Britain. Why, asks the British press, have not steps been taken to defend against this invasion?

While the United States has, with its usual careful planning and foresight in such matters, been engaged on details of organization and arrangement, the golfing officials on the other side have done nothing. They have always gone about international competition in sports in a haphazard way. As an instance: England does not name her Walker Cup team until after the British amateur is played, and then the golf authorities select the eight men that did the best work in the tournament. This places a severe handicap upon the men

selected. The Walker Cup is decided by team play and it is impossible for men, matched a day or so before team play starts, to do their best. The pairings are generally a strange mixture of golfing temperaments and the men paired more often than not show strangely dissimilar styles. Cyril Tolley, one of England's crack amateurs, has had four different partners in four Walker Cup matches, and in only one of them did he and his partner win. On this occasion, in 1923, he was paired with the brilliant Roger Wethered at St. Andrews.

The United States gives particular care to her pairings. In each bracket are found men suitable to one another's style. They train hard and systematically, observe diet, regular hours and, in brief, live up to the same training program that is followed by college athletes during their season of activity. They use every possible safeguard to prevent defeat.

England has never done this. England has taken a stand something like this:

"It is all right for Americans to do that sort of thing but not for us British. We do not make a business of golf; it is a sport with us; therefore there is no need of going into training and intensive practice. If we lose we shall lose gracefully."

But this attitude is not to the liking of all Britishers. They ruled for many years in golf and in polo. Their supremacy in golf exists no longer while in polo they have fallen completely before the American assault. (Concluded on page 32)



Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt

By
F. L. BLACK

John Surratt, Papal Zouave, Accused of the Crime, Who Leaped for Liberty Over a Hundred-Foot Precipice

"VHOSE sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," ominously quoted the judge in his charge to the jury in the case of John Harrison Surratt, accused of the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Surratt had escaped to Canada and been concealed for five months by friendly priests; he then fled to Liverpool, London, Paris, Rome; was discovered in the Papal Zouaves and arrested by order of the Pope; he later escaped to Egypt; was arrested again, to be brought in chains on a gunboat to Washington; tried for his life, released, and then deserted by the Genius of Adventure.

This sounds like the synopsis of the strangest fiction, but it is what actually happened to Surratt, Confederate dispatch-bearer and spy, who was a party to the Lincoln abduction plots, and whose mother, Mary Surratt, paid the extreme penalty for her participation in these crimes.

The assassination of President Lincoln occurred sixty-one years ago this week. Testimony was offered at the trial of the conspirators in May, June, and July, 1865, to show that John Surratt had been in Washington on the morning of Friday, April 14, the fatal day, but in his lengthy and highly sensational trial, two years later, he established that he had been in Elmira, New York, arranging for a prison delivery of Confederate captives when John Wilkes Booth played his last tragic act in Ford's Theatre, Washington.

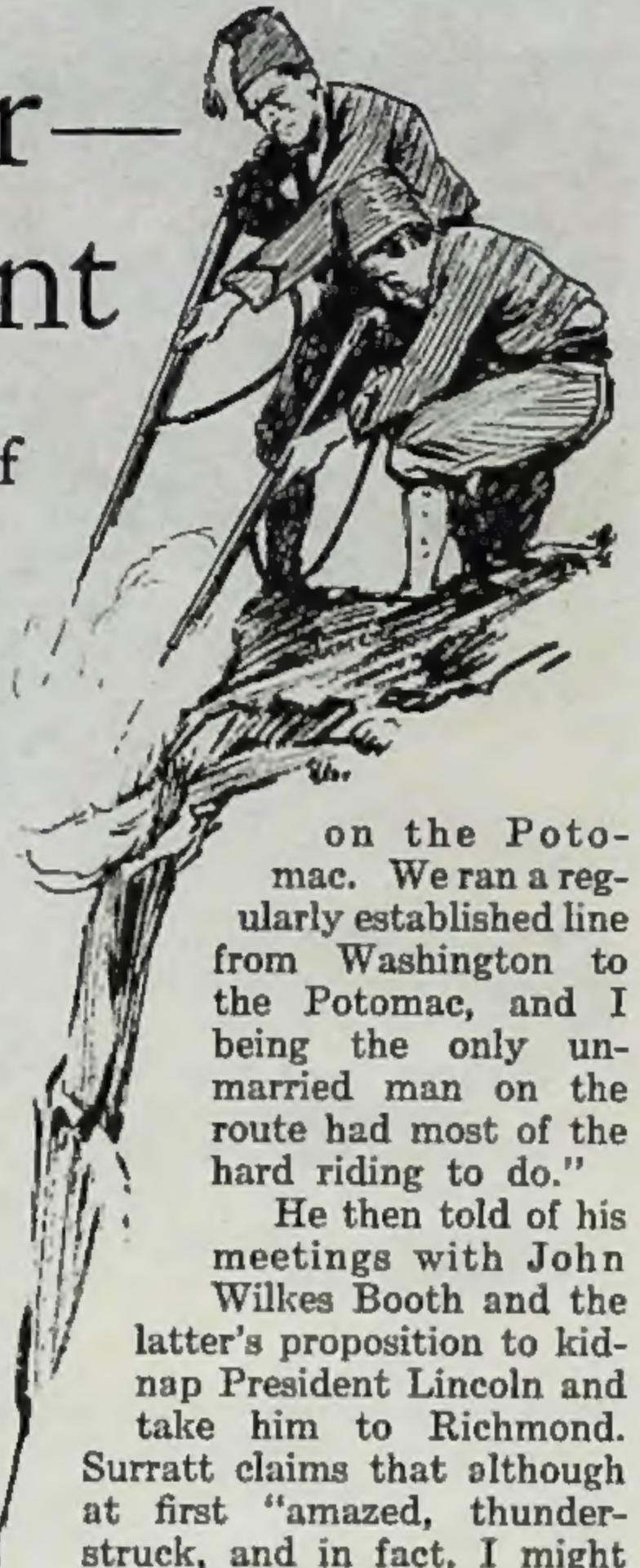
"At the breaking out of the war," said Surratt in telling his story to a Rockville, Maryland, audience in 1868, "I was a student at St. Charles College, in Maryland, but did not remain long there after that important event. I left in July, 1861, and, returning home, commenced to take an active part in the stirring events of that period. I was not more than eighteen years of age, and mostly engaged in sending information regarding the movements of the United States Army stationed in Washington and elsewhere, and carrying dispatches to the Confederate boats



John Surratt in his Zouave uniform.



*Printed in the Washington Evening Star, December 8, 1870. Reprinted April 12, 1908.



on the Potomac. We ran a regularly established line from Washington to the Potomac, and I being the only unmarried man on the route had most of the hard riding to do."

He then told of his meetings with John Wilkes Booth and the latter's proposition to kidnap President Lincoln and take him to Richmond. Surratt claims that although at first "amazed, thunderstruck, and in fact, I might say, frightened at the unparalleled audacity of the scheme," yet after two days' reflection, he concluded it to be practicable and "led on by a sincere desire to assist the South in gaining her independence," he told Booth that he was willing to try it. Then followed months of plotting to capture the President, plotting which failed.

In Surratt's own words: "One day we received information that the President would visit the Seventh Street Hospital for the purpose of being present at an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The report reached us only about three-quarters of an hour before the appointed time, but so perfect was our communication that we were instantly in our saddles on the way to the hospital. This was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. It was our intention to seize the carriage, which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have one of our men mount the box and drive direct for Southern Maryland via Benning's bridge. We felt confident that all the cavalry in the city could never overhaul us. We were all mounted on swift horses besides having a thorough knowledge of the country, it being determined to abandon the carriage after passing the city limits. Upon the suddenness of the blow and the celerity of our movements we depended for success. By the time the alarm could have been given and horses saddled, we would have been on our way through Southern Maryland

toward the Potomac River.

"To our great disappointment, however, the President was not there, but one of the Government officials—Mr. Chase, if I mistake not . . . It was our last attempt."

Surratt stated further that the enterprise was then abandoned, and that soon afterward he was given Confederate dispatches to carry from Washington to Richmond, where he arrived on "Friday evening before the evacuation of that city." He left the next morning and again reached Washington "the following Monday," at four o'clock p.m., April 3, 1865. He claims that he left for New York the next day without having seen Booth, and that this was his last time in Washington "until brought there by the United States Government a captive in chains."

He attempted to see Booth in New York but was informed that the actor was in Boston. Surratt then proceeded to Montreal, and after remaining a week was instructed to proceed to Elmira, New York, to make sketches of the military prison and gather information that would aid in the release of the Confederates confined there. Surratt testified that he registered as "John Harrison" in Elmira on the Wednesday before the assassination, palmed himself off as a Canadian in an "Oxford cut jacket and a round-top hat, peculiar to Canada at that time," and remained there until Saturday, when he learned of the assassination and that it was rumored John Wilkes Booth was the assassin.

On the following Monday, after spending the week-end in Canandaigua,

a village near Elmira, with the intention of going back to Baltimore, he bought some New York papers and was startled with: "The assassin of Secretary Seward is said to be John H. Surratt, a notorious secessionist of Southern Maryland. His name, with that of J. Wilkes Booth, will forever lead the infamous roll of assassins."

Montreal, not Baltimore, suddenly became his destination. Arriving in Montreal, which had become the home

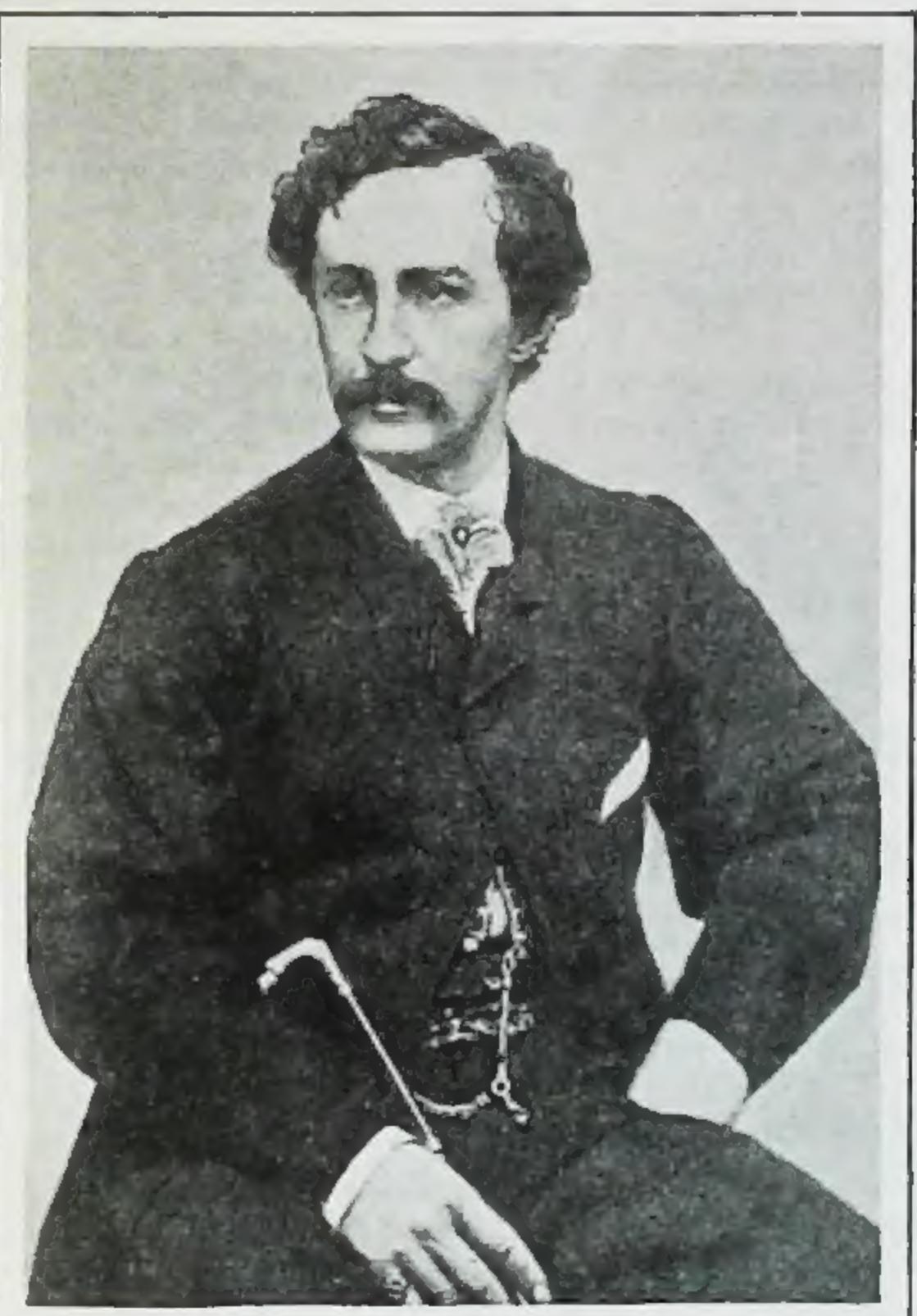


Mrs. Mary Surratt, the only woman the United States Government ever hanged.

of many Southerners, Surratt was secreted in the house of a friend where he remained until advised that his hiding place was suspected and the house was to be searched. He left immediately, but after the authorities had satisfied themselves that he was not there, he returned and remained until he left Montreal about a week later. Then as Charles Armstrong and disguised as a huntsman he hid in the home of Father Charles Bouchers, a priest in St. Liboire, a small town lying about 45 miles south of Montreal in a thinly settled territory.

During these days he naturally became greatly worried about the possible fate of his mother, who had been arrested and was being tried as one of the assassination conspirators. He was assured by friends, however, that there was no cause for uneasiness and that any action on his part would only make matters worse.

These friends, he says, became frightened at the prospect of breaking the news of his mother's death sentence, and it was only by accident that, several hours after the death



John Wilkes Booth.

trap had been sprung, he procured a paper containing the news of her execution.

Surratt told his Rockville audience that after partly recovering from the effect of the shock he went to his room and remained there until dark; then signified his intention to leave the place immediately. "I felt reckless," he said, "as to what should become of me. After visiting Quebec and other places, with the reward of \$25,000 hanging over my head, I did not think it safe to remain there, and so I concluded to seek an asylum in foreign lands."

Father LaPierre (Surratt Trial Records—p. 908), a priest of Montreal, cared for Surratt from late in July until early in September, and then accompanied him to Quebec, where, disguised and under the pseudonym of McCarty, he placed him on board the *Peruvian*, bound for Liverpool. Convinced that there was an American detective on board, and bewildered by his own imagination, Surratt confessed to Dr. McMillan, the ship's physician, his true identity in an effort to obtain protection and advice.

Either feeling it was his duty or with a desire to collect the reward still offered for Surratt, the doctor, on September 26, informed the United States Consulate at Liverpool of the presence of the fugitive. The vice-consul conveyed this intelligence to Washington, but to his surprise, on October 13, received the following from the Acting Secretary of State:

"I have to inform you that, upon a consultation with the Secretary of War and Judge Advocate General, it is thought advisable that no action be taken in regard to the arrest of the supposed John Surratt at present."

The only explanation that has ever been given for this action, and the subsequent delays in apprehending Surratt, is that official Washington began to doubt whether the execution of Mrs. Surratt had been advisable and was not anxious to reawaken the storm that resulted from what many termed her "official murder."

After waiting until early in November for funds expected from Canadian friends, Surratt made his way to London and then to Rome by way of Paris, where after a few months, under the name of John Watson, he enlisted in the Papal Zouaves. This was during the war between Pope Pius IX and Garibaldi, and recruits were welcome in either camp.

By a strange coincidence, Henri St. Marie, a Canadian who had known Surratt three years before in Washington, had also become a Zouave and recognized him. Surratt appealed to St. Marie to keep his secret, but the latter succumbed to the temptation of the large reward. He (Continued on page 30)



What It Costs the Chinese to Worship Their Ancestors

Cathay Expends Tremendous Sum in Doing Reverence to Its Departed

By INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK



Paper wife to be burned in honor of departed husband.

CHINA is a land of ancestors. The silent population greatly outnumbers the teeming, struggling millions of both city and country-side. The land of China must support a double population and supply food for the living as well as space for the innumerable host of ancestors who have gone before. Yet the living are now estimated at four hundred and thirty-six million.

The most conservative medical statistics say that seven out of ten children born in China die before the age of five. The present population represents only about three-tenths of those born. Thus during the life span, which, in China, the available statistics say is about twenty years, the born population of China approximates one and a half billion persons and is almost equivalent to the entire living population of the world.

An attempt to count the graves in China today would be more difficult than to count the stars in the Milky Way. In past history, all graves were razed to the ground at the beginning of each dynasty. However, the Manchu dynasty did not destroy the Ming tombs, and when the monarchy turned into a re-



Above, right—Graves on Chinese farm which farmer will not disturb. Above—Caskets of the poor, awaiting burial. Ceremonies may have taken place weeks previously.

public, the Chinese were too democratic to do this to their ancestors, and so the graves have not been razed for about seven hundred years. The life span in China is short. Religion and custom demand a proper burial. Imagine, if possible, the grave-strewn appearance of every landscape where graves are protected and worshiped and never intentionally destroyed. The landscape often seems to grow nothing else.

This overcrowding by the dead is largely the result of the ancestor worship taught by China's ancient sages. Three things are unfilial and having no sons is the worst, says Mencius. Confucius requires a man to cleave to his father and mother and compels his wife to do the same. He taught that the happiness of the soul in the next world was dependent upon having sons in continuous line to worship the departed spirit. This man-made idea has made China go sonmad.

Ancestor worship with its obsession for sons and more sons is responsible for a long train of ills in China today. It compels the adoption of sons in a family already overflowing with daughters, even though there is no provision for



scarcely keep soul and body together.

It causes infanticide among the poor. Daughters are too much of a luxury to be brought up when the mouths to feed are already too many. Three surveys, each of one thousand rural homes, showed that there were almost a third more boys than girls. Every city has its home for unwanted babies, in which there is seldom, if ever, a boy.

Ancestor worship, when interpreted in its results, is one of the heaviest yokes which ever a people was compelled to bear. The generation of today is chained to the generation of the past. Ancestor worship makes dead men into gods who require more space and reverence than that accorded to the living. This backward look for centuries produced the leaden conservatism from whose shackles the new

China is now trying to extricate itself. China may cast away its idols, but ancestor worship tenaciously persists among all classes.

Overpopulation in most countries results in new conquests and colonization. People in China are dependent for food supply from the surrounding soil because transportation is slow and primitive. They never leave their homes except during severe famines. Thus the increas-



Above—Nearly all Chinese funeral processions have bands playing on native instruments. Only the rich can afford bands which play foreign instruments and tunes. Left—Giant men and animals take part in funeral processions to frighten evil spirits.

ing population attempts to live on the former food supply and a frightful condition of poverty results, especially in North China.

China needs more land in and around her densely populated centers. If she would, she could increase her acreage there from ten to thirty per cent by leveling all graves to the ground, and thus provide space and food for the living. A man is honored after death by the size of his grave and the space allotted him within the surrounding earth wall. Sometimes from a hundred square feet to an acre is thus reserved for the grave of some influential ancestor.

While the living are deprived of this land for producing food supply, grave lands do have some economic value. Yearly the grass is literally shaved off the grave lands and carried into nearby towns to be used for fuel. Even the roots are dug up. And all this in a land underlaid with some of the richest coal deposits in the world, lack of transportation making the products of nearby regions unavailable. But need for food from the soil is the great essential. If the number of square miles devoted to graves in China could be computed, it would, without doubt, bring into service many millions of acres of tillable lands, and always in the most densely populated regions where the struggle for bare existence is the keenest.

The worship of the dead is a tremendous financial burden to the people of China. For nothing else does custom demand such a lavish expenditure of money,

regardless of one's financial condition. People of all nations desire a decent burial for their dead, but ancestor worship requires that the Chinese spend a far greater sum in proportion to income than that expended by other races. Elaborate display and ceremony assure the departed spirit of an easy time in Hades and a speedy rebirth into a high estate on earth.

Considerable information has been obtained on the cost of funerals. The money and display are in accordance with one's age and status in the family. It is thought inconsiderate and unfilial for a child to die, and up to the age of fifteen no rites are observed at its burial.

The very rich will spend \$100,000 or more on a funeral. The rich spend from \$1,000 up, according to their available



Above, right—Turtle, significant of longevity. Lower—Approach to the Ming tombs at Nanking. One who can throw a stone which remains on top of an elephant will have a son within a year, it is said.

resources. The middle class spend approximately an entire year's income, which, of course, is the savings of many years.

Impenetrable custom demands that the poor, in spite of their poverty, have funerals far beyond their means. As a result, the poor man very frequently has to mortgage all his possessions, borrow money, and saddle himself with a lifetime debt, for this one display.

Borrowing money is one of the curses of China. The average rate on absolutely safe property is 24 to 36 per cent yearly. On unsecured short loans the poor man has to pay from 50 to even 100 per cent interest.

Fifty to eighty dollars, Mexican, is the amount usually spent by poor families on the funeral of a head of a household. The appalling amount of this sum is not realized until one considers that the average income may be only \$80 to \$250 a year, and that every cent is needed for bare essentials. There is seldom an opportunity for the accumulation of savings. Funerals act like famines in sweeping away all savings and usually plunging the family into debt.

Since custom requires that even the poor bury a parent on a scale which the family resources do not warrant, most rural towns have cooperative burying associations. These are composed of a given number of families. Upon the death of the head of a household, each family gives a stated sum of eighty cents or a



dollar, Chinese money. This assessment supplies some ready cash that can be paid back in small amounts as other deaths occur. The custom which requires that

huge wooden caskets be provided for parents was instituted centuries ago when extensive portions of China were covered with forests. It is now one of the heavy economic burdens of ancestor worship. Chinese caskets are made of thick pieces of the best woods, varying in weight from eighty to a thousand pounds. *Lan mu* is considered the best because of its lasting qualities.

Some years ago, *Lan mu* slabs of a casket, buried for two thousand years, were unearthed at the University of Nanking. They were in such good condition that furniture has been made of them. A man's financial status usually can be rated by the size and thickness of his casket. Coffins cost from \$15 to \$8,000. The former are thin, knotty boards. The expensive ones are made of rare woods.

If a son wishes to please and comfort his father, he will present him with a large and expensive casket while his father is still in good health. It is stored in the home or nearby temple until needed. This gift proves that he is a faithful son and will attend to all the proper rites and ceremonies when the father departs. Although China

Making Precious Trees Into Burial Caskets is almost treeless in many regions as a result of man's destructiveness, this extravagance of wood in caskets persists, even though the people live in mud houses with only the barest necessities. It is no doubt true that more of China's precious remaining trees are made into caskets than are used in making homes and furniture and comforts for the living.

China now yearly imports millions of dollars' worth of Oregon pine from the United States for her present industrial needs, and she is taking no steps to provide lumber to meet the great industrial development which is sure to come to China in the next few years.

In China, the lack of expense connected with birth is more than made up for in the expense and rites connected with death. Everything is prescribed by custom. The corpse must wear clothes of certain materials. These must be of an uneven number. Usually five, seven, nine or eleven gowns. Should the corpse accidentally wear an even number of garments, another death in the family would speedily result. The garments must not have buttons, for these would weigh down the soul in its upward flight. Fur garments must not be worn, for this would cause the soul to be reborn into the animal whose skin was in the casket.

At death, each soul separates into three souls. One soul remains with the body, one goes to Hades and the third enters the ancestral tablet and is worshiped daily. The tablet is made of wood and occupies the central place on a table next to the inner wall of the guest room.

When death is imminent, firecrackers are set off to clear the air of evil spirits in order that the soul may have an unmolested journey to the next world.

The Geomancer's Strange and Weird Work In China, one cannot be buried except on days that have been decreed by the almanac as propitious for burial. Should an unlucky day be chosen, the corpse would be uncomfortable and ill at ease in its resting place, and take revenge upon the family by causing some calamity. A professor of magic or a geomancer is, therefore, invited to set the day and site for burial. On no account must one be buried in the same spot where years previously another had been

buried. This would result in a disastrous mixing of souls. The geomancer is able to detect this by means of forked sticks. In choosing sites, he has no regard for the economic values of land. The result is that graves are located promiscuously, and often on the most fertile and productive parts of the farmer's fields.

This geomancer has a very remunerative position and much influence. The owners of land must be generous or their lands will be condemned. The purchaser must be generous or an unlucky site will be chosen and disaster befall the living. All graves, except those of the poor which are huddled together, must be located satisfactory to the *feng shui* or "wind water" good luck of the grave. This produces the most difficult problem of the foreigner buying land in China. One family owns the land, while the graves are owned by an equal number of families. These graves are not included in the deed and are only with great difficulty and patience removed.

Last year our neighbor had the basement excavated and foundations in for a new home. The geomancer decreed that the obstacle of a foreign house would destroy the *feng shui* of an important ancestor nearby.

The Chinese were obdurate, and there was nothing the American could do except dig up the foundations and build his house on a different place. Our success was a trifle better. The scaffolding had been put up for the first story when the relatives of several ancestors in our yard came to life. They tore down the scaffolding, and for seven months, all operations ceased while middlemen discussed pro and con. Ultimately permission was given to proceed with the building.

The reluctance of the Chinese to move graves is better understood when one knows that there are two courts in hell reserved for those who dig up or remove graves except under certain conditions. However, the Chinese are finding that some of their ancestors bear removal if sufficient money is offered.

Living in Hades With the Comforts of Home The Chinese do not seem to know whether the path of the soul lies by way of the Buddhist or Taoist religion, and if funds permit, both are called in to chant prayers for the dead and secure his speedy release from Hades.

A funeral in China is not a solemn occasion as for the westerner; instead, it is a period of lively celebration. The chanting of priests, the pounding of drums and gongs continues from early morning until far into the night. The relatives and friends of the deceased take up a partial abode in the home. Several feasts are given.

The courtyard is hung with rented embroideries of bright red. The rooms of

Napoleon as a Cook

MARIE LOUISE, the second wife of Napoleon I, used to enjoy relating how her husband discovered her in the act of preparing an omelet secretly in her apartment.

"Bah! You don't know how to do it at all!" he exclaimed, taking up the utensils. When the moment came to toss the omelet, Napoleon wanted to do it himself. He tried to perform this important operation, but had no more success than the great Condé, who pitched his omelet into the fire. Napoleon fell to the ground and he was then obliged to confess his want of experience, and let the Empress continue her cooking alone.

the house are covered with scrolls sent by friends, which enumerate the merits of the deceased. In an important funeral, there may be several hundred of these, representing a large expenditure of money. The celebrations usually last seven days, and if funds permit, every seventh day following until the forty-ninth day, when the casket is buried.

The Chinese arrange for the departed one to live in Hades with all the comforts of home. All articles burned are supposed to enter the spirit world and so the family prepares quantities of imitation money, houses, servants, paper clothes, rickshaw, jewels and other things. Recently paper automobiles and a driver have been added to the list. Since modern invention has introduced safes with combination locks, these also have been imitated in paper and thus sent to the dead, so that they may keep

Burning His Paper Spirit Wife their valuables in safety. Sometimes a paper wife or concubine will be burned at the grave so that the man will not be lonesome, but I never heard of burning a paper husband at the grave of a wife.

The catafalque is a large rectangular frame, covered with red embroidery and placed over the casket. An even number of coolies, usually from eight to thirty-two, carry the coffin. The procession starts with a volley of firecrackers to ward off the evil spirits. Also quantities of paper punched with holes is thrown into the air from time to time. Evil spirits must pass through every hole they encounter, and this process delays them until the corpse can reach the grave in safety. There is always a Chinese band and if means permit, another one which plays foreign music. Their favorite tunes in our city are "Yankee Doodle," "Over There," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."

Every funeral procession contains numerous banners and embroidered parasols, and giant men and animals to scare off the evil influences. Beggars rejoice in a funeral, for they are employed, sometimes by the dozen, to carry the various articles in the parade. The procession may be more than a mile in length.

The nearest male relatives of the deceased walk just ahead and carry streamers attached to the casket. They are dressed in white sackcloth, and are bent over in abject sorrow as they walk. Following

Must Worship Dead for Sixty Years the casket are the women relatives.

Numerous rites are performed at the grave amid the noise of firecrackers and the calls of the coolies as they lower the heavy coffin into its shallow receptacle. The deceased at last is laid to rest, even though it may have been months since his death. But the family must continue their worship of the departed one at the grave every autumn and spring festival for a minimum of sixty years, and by offering food and incense in the home before his tablet.

Every funeral produces a new ancestor. His going depletes the family savings and very likely plunges them into debt. His thick heavy coffin has used up a portion of China's much-needed timber. Quantities of paper have been burned or thrown into the air. His final resting place, unless he belongs to the very poor, will be much larger than that accorded graves in other lands. It will withdraw another plot of ground from the production of food, and China is worse off, in spite of her overpopulation, than if he had never died.

Is America a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers?

Its People Drink Upward of Forty Billions of Cups of This Seductive Beverage Each Year, Consuming More Than Half of World's Production

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG



(C) E. M. Newman.

WELVE and one-half pounds of coffee, three hundred and seventy-five cups of the aromatic liquid for each subject of Uncle Sam a year—more than forty billion cups of the refreshing drink—consuming more than half of the world's supply of the little green bean, is the coffee-bibbing record of this United States of America.

Most of the coffee consumed here comes from Brazil, which produces more than half of the world's crop. Stationed at Santos, the great Brazilian coffee port, as a consular official, some time ago, I got a whiff of this tremendous coffee business, as well as of the berry itself in its native state.

Santos is only a small city, but it handles many million bags of coffee, exported from there to all the ports of the seven seas. The great coffee warehouses there extend along the entire water front of a well-dredged river which accommodates ocean-going steamers of any depth, while the docking and loading facilities of the port are unexcelled.

Every steamer which stops there, and thousands do, takes on a cargo of coffee for somewhere. Santos is all coffee, coffee, coffee. Wherever you look, whithersoever you go, you hear about coffee, see coffee, and smell coffee, nothing but coffee. Furthermore, as you approach the city from the ocean, winding your way slowly up the little river by steamer, the aroma of the green beans greets you. Indeed, there is only one thing in Santos which overshadows coffee—mosquitoes. They have a breed there which is a little larger than the coffee bean itself, with a stinger like a bumblebee—a species of the bug far superior in all points of nuisance value to the famous New Jersey breed. It is furthermore no exaggeration to state that for every bean of coffee in the port there are at least two mosquitoes, while compared to the rest of the world in the production of



Cup-testing coffee.

such insects Santos no doubt holds a record there, too, producing more than half of the world's supply of anophelis. But those pests are in Santos, the seaport of the great coffee-producing region of Brazil, not in the fine area where the plant itself is cultivated.

Coffee comes to Santos by rail from São Paulo, the capital city of a Brazilian state of that name, a very wealthy city, and the real headquarters of the world's coffee industry. The port of Santos, a few hours' ride below, is connected to the metropolis on the mountain tops above by a cable railway, one of the great engineering feats of the world. The route winds upward along the edge of deep ravines, while the track is worked with terraces all along it. Rock-carved ditches, with clear streams of water trickling down from the wooded mountain tops higher up flowing through them, form only a part of the beautiful landscape along the roadbed.

In São Paulo, the commercial center of Brazil, the hustle of New York and the fashions of Paris meet. It consists of an old and a new town, the new embracing the

latest and most up-to-date of modern civilization, while the old is typical of Spanish America. The opera house there—the Municipal Theater—which eclipses anything of its kind either in North or South America, is a work of architectural art. The New York Metropolitan Opera is not even second class as compared to the one in Buenos Aires, while this one is at São Paulo—where the coffee barons of the world live—with its fountain and geometrical parkway, built on the edge of a high slope overlooking the city, far excels the one in the gay capital of Argentina.

The coffee tree grows in that region which lies gradually south of the city of São Paulo, where the soil and climate of that section is peculiarly adapted to the staple. Indeed, it thrives so well there, that preventive measures are taken from time to time to stop overproduction. The coffee tree is not native to Brazil, having been brought from Arabia, where the coffee habit originated.

Although authentic records go back only about five hundred years, it is thought that coffee-drinking is of a much older period. It is not reported that coffee beans were found in the tomb of King Tut, but we read of public places for coffee-drinking and amusement in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, long ages ago. Coffee-drinking was popular in Venice as early as 1616, and was highly popular in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV, spreading to Berlin and Vienna in the seventeenth century, and to Holland, where for many generations the Dutch housewife never allowed the coffee pot to get cold.

For a long time the world's supply of coffee came from Abyssinia and Arabia, but the demand for the delicious cup caused the cultivation of the berry to spread to other parts of the world, and finally to Brazil, where three-quarters of the earth's production now takes place.

For a long time Germany and Holland held the world's consumption record, but now those people cannot hold a candle to the coffee-bibbing proclivities of Uncle Sam, where more than a billion pounds are required for our annual brew, used regularly in at least 95 out of every 100 families.

The coffee bean is constructed of fibrous tissues formed into tiny cells, visible only under the microscope. These cells contain the aromatic oils to which coffee owes its delicious flavor. Those oils quickly lose strength when exposed to air, which makes it necessary to keep ground coffee in a tightly closed container. Coming to the housewife in roasted form it is already cooked, needing only to be mixed with boiling water to get instantaneous solution, and a cup which cheers but does not intoxicate. The aromatic properties of the bean, and a substance known as caffeine which mildly stimulates, give the brew its distinction and its popular following.

When the fruit of the coffee tree ripens it is red, resembling cherries or cranberries.

The coffee bean, which we use, is the seed of the fruit. When the berry dries it turns brown. Normally each berry contains two seeds, flat on one side and rounded on the other, with the two flat sides snuggled up together, protected by a covering of parchment. Some of the berries contain but one bean, rounded in shape, and called a "peaberry." The bean has two coverings, the outside one like thin paper called the "parchment," and the inside one fine and soft as silk called "silver skin." Both of these coverings have to be removed before the coffee is roasted.

Coffee trees are planted in rows like an apple or peach orchard, and the fertile soil between the rows is kept clean by careful cultivation. The coffee harvest extends from May to September. The picking is done by men, women, and children, who strip the fruit from the branches into baskets, stripping off at the same time leaves and twigs, which are afterward sifted and winnowed out. After picking it is piled in heaps to dry, and later hulled and washed by various interesting processes.

Large two-wheeled carts, drawn by mules or horses, coming in from the plantation to the sheds, empty their cargo into a V-shaped trough, where the water from a reservoir mingles with them. After the berries have been thoroughly submerged, they rise to the surface in the next trough just below, which acts as a settling basin for material heavier than the fruit. From there the flow of water carries the coffee through concrete conduits to a hopper in the drying flats, which latter are tiled basins several acres in extent where the berries are laid out to dry in layers of from two to three inches in depth. It takes seven days of such process to prepare the berry for the final operation, hulling.

In those seven days the berries are raked together and spread out again several times, while covered by a canvas occasionally to heat them thoroughly. When completely dry they are taken in carts to the separator where the husks are blown off, and the green bean is sacked, ready for roasting, which is generally done in other countries than Brazil, for export uses. It is an interesting sight to see the great coffee flats filled with brown berries, and the laborers sweeping, piling, and mixing them under the blazing sun of São Paulo's clear blue skies. And it is a far cry from those large South American coffee plantations to the millions of American breakfast tables, from which the steaming brew is sipped.

A little journey through the fields of these large Brazilian coffee plantations, where the forty billion cups of American-drunk coffee originate annually, is of unusual interest. You will find there also a coffee-plant nursery, where the small plants are raised for transplanting in the orchards later on. As the sun is very hot there, the tender shrubs are first set in small baskets, kept in the shade of large trees until they grow strong enough to withstand the scorching sun. Thus the nursery there serves almost a directly opposite purpose of nurseries here, where young plants are performed in hothouses from the cold.

Coffee-picking, also interesting to observe, is done mostly by white pickers, instead of colored ones as in the cotton fields of the South, even though Brazil has its quota of ex-slaves, too. Pickers on ladders can be seen for mile after mile along regular columns of coffee trees planted in a red-clay



Coffee roasting plant.

soil. Many hands are engaged in the picking process, stripping the twigs, and shaking the little pods to the ground from trees sometimes nine feet in height, even though the coffee plant is classed as a species of shrubbery rather than as a stately tree. After being shaken from the bushes to the ground by men, the berries are gathered up by women and children, to be screened of sand, earth, and other extraneous matter.

Again, when the green coffee beans come into the roasting establishments of America, they receive another thorough cleaning before they are roasted in revolving perforated cylinders over a hot fire. This roasting process is necessary to develop the aromatic oils which determine the characteristic flavor of coffee. It calls for elaborate machinery and expert skill in judging when the beans have reached the proper degree of roast, after which process is completed the coffee is dumped from the oven into perforated coolers, where a blast of air passes over it. Before roasting, green coffee is graded by roasting small samples, ground fine in small electric mills, and "drawn" in the cup by pouring in boiling water. The tester places each cup of coffee on a round revolving table opposite the sample of roasted beans from which it is brewed, and tests the brew by both smell and taste.

Coffee used moderately is not considered injurious to health, while in general the consumption of the product is the greatest in countries where civilization is most advanced.

The Department of Biology and Public Health of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, after two years of experimental work, has declared that coffee should never be boiled, recommending the "drip" or "filter" method. The container or serving pot, for the best results, for the brewed coffee, should be glazed earthenware, china, glass or agateware. And it should be served at once. It is not necessary to boil, even in using the old-fashioned coffee pot. The water in the pot can first be brought to a hard boil, after which the grounds are put in, removing the pot from the fire first. After standing two or three minutes, it should be separated again from the grounds into a serving pot and kept hot but not boiled until it is served.

Adding fresh coffee to old grounds spoils the taste. Used coffee grounds are of no more use in making coffee than ashes are in building a fire. Coffeepots should be kept clean, not only for the sake of cleanliness but to enhance the flavor of the brew. If these suggestions are followed those forty billion cups of the "universal drink" consumed in the United States annually will contain a distinctive aroma and delicious flavor, while wives will have no difficulty keeping their husbands at home.



Coffee beans in their first operation after being brought from the plantation

the morning cup consists of a little portion of strong, black coffee, and three or four times as much milk—not cream, which is scarce in that country. The rest of the day, it is served in the coffee houses of Brazilian cities in its pure and unadulterated state, without milk or cream, in a small cup, just a trifle larger than a good-sized thimble, strong enough to walk alone. Those coffee parlors are as numerous in São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and Santos, as ice cream and candy kitchens in the United States, where, for a few mil-reis, a person can coffee-bib the whole day.

Most of these coffee plantations are financed in São Paulo, a city of more than 300,000 inhabitants. Foreign capital, of course, is heavily interested in the industry. There is a coffee exchange and all

the other paraphernalia necessary to the conduct of such a large national business in several Brazilian cities, including Rio de Janeiro, which was formerly itself the great coffee port of the world before Santos took first honors from it. But much of the roasting of coffee is done in the United States.

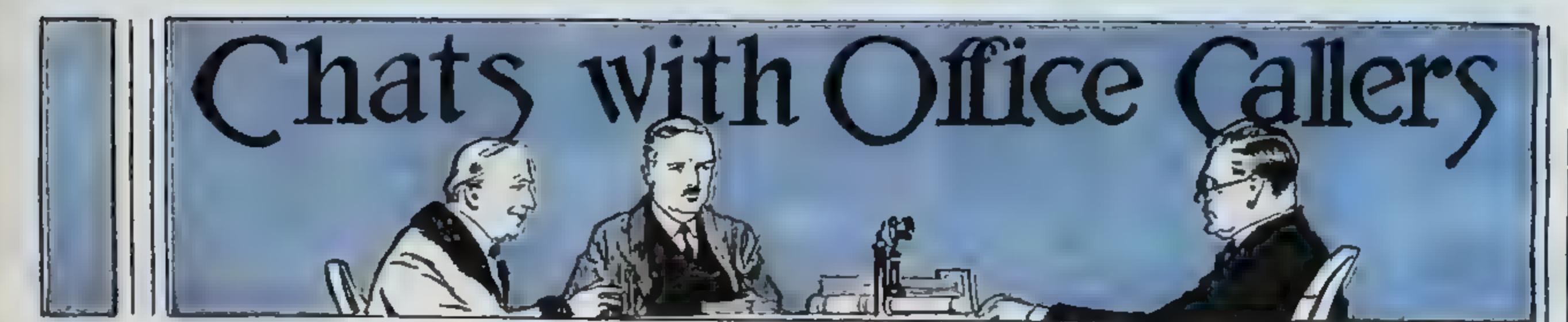
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Chats with Office Callers



The Crowd was discussing a certain man; when "he eats with his knife," said one—"he's a sword-swallowing."

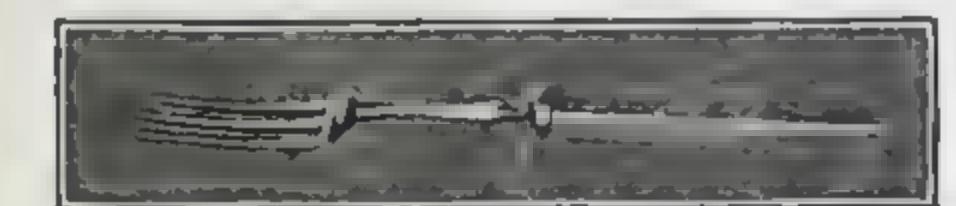
Said another: "It is not so long ago that most people were doing that."

There was consternation. "And you did it too," he said. The challenged party looked startled, thought, made to speak, hesitated, and finally said: "Well, of course, in poor families where they didn't know—"

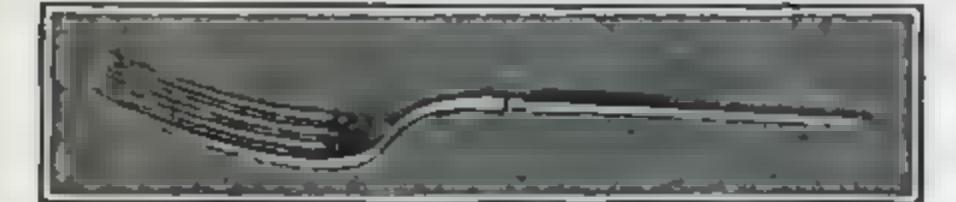
"No, I don't mean poor families nor those where manners were not taught," said the author of the general indictment. "I know you came of poor family and I shouldn't wonder if your manners were just as poor, but you conveyed food to your mouth with your knife simply because you couldn't do it with the old forks they used to have. Do you remember the old straight two-tined affairs? They were intended only to pinion the piece of food to the plate. I can show you one now."



"Then there came the three-tined variety just as straight, and just as awkward as a means for conveying food. Here is one of those."



"Last of all the present curved, four-tined variety which is perfectly adapted to the uses described in the most meticulous book of etiquette."



"We have all kinds of forks now, sensibly made to fulfill their intended uses: salad forks, and the like. Our friend who eats with his knife is still under the spell of the forks of his boyhood days, that's all. He hasn't noticed the improved styles in table silver."

"Old-time knives were meant to be eaten with. You can see that by the spatulate tips they carried—regular shovel-like ends that could lift a hefty load."



"Irish though I am," said **The Man from New Jersey**, "and all the generations before me, and my children after me, thank heaven, for I married an Irish girl, I cannot see the meaning of the way they link the Irishman and the Jew on the stage these

days. Hang me if I can! First we had 'Abie's Irish Rose,' and it was very sweet and human-like and everybody liked it, and why not? It was clean. It was such a change from most of the things that were going on the stage just then. The critics were there with the water bucket, of course, saying that it wasn't much in the way of drama, and maybe it wasn't, but it had the elements of drama, which are life and love and clean ways, and so all the folks liked it. Then came 'Kosher Kitty Kelly'—and there you get it again, the Jew and the Irish girl. And then comes 'Hogan's Alley' along with them. I don't understand it, I don't. A friend gave me a list of plays and movies which he told me to look up—here's the names in my pocketbook—and he said it would be worth while seeing them, for they were all the Irish-and-Jew variety."

¶

"Now, thinks I, once or twice is natural, but why the flood of these things? You can't fool the Irish and the Jews about each other by means of stage-plays. No siree. Ask anybody in New Jersey. So I asks my friend, and he says that there has been some kind of a hook-up between the authorities, whoever they are, but I don't believe it, unless it's a union against the K. K. K. in which case I'm with them, but not on the 'Abie's Irish Rose' or the 'Kosher Kitty Kelly' plan. My own idea is that they ought to lay off that stuff. Once in a while it happens. But not enough to fill a whole theatrical circuit and all the movie houses."

¶

"The truth is," said **The Man in the Library**, when the above was called to his attention, "I had given only passing attention to the union of Irish and Jews in recent plays. But I have been struck by the number of Jewish propaganda plays which have come out. 'Abie's Irish Rose'

¶

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912.

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1926, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, as

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 21, 1912, embodied in Section 11, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers

are Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear in the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or persons for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the same two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances under which names of stockholders and security holders are omitted.

5. That any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock and securities, than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1926.
(REAL) EDGAR J. MATZ
(My Commission expires April 18, 1928.)

Never Separated a Single Family

(Concluded from page 6)

they claimed was acting as a deterrent to a sufficient supply of Mexican labor.

Mexico, like Canada, is not on a quota basis, but the various witnesses insisted that this \$18 charge, which is \$10 more than under the old act, has been the prevailing factor in reducing Mexican immigration from 89,000 in the fiscal year 1924 to slightly more than 82,000 last year.

Five years ago the beet sugar interests had urged Congress to remove the then \$8 tax; waive the literacy test and permit their labor representatives to enter Mexico and contract for peon labor.

The admission that these interests are still seeking to nullify the contract labor laws was drawn from Maddux when Representative Box pinned down that witness to tell the committee exactly what the sugar interests desired.

"Are you acquainted with the fact that they then asked for the remission of the head tax—the visé fee was not then in existence—and for a waiver of the literacy test, and a waiving of the contract-labor provision," Box asked Maddux, referring to the demands of 1921.

"I am," Maddux replied.

"Those were the three things that the people in the industry wanted then. They wanted the literacy test waived, the contract-labor provision of the law waived, and the \$8 head tax waived. A great many gentlemen at that time told the committee they could not get the necessary labor with the literacy tests and the contract labor law barring their efforts to do so. Now, I want to know what circumstances have intervened to make you believe that you can get labor out of Mexico that is literate and that you can get it without violating the contract-labor law. In other words, why did you drop those two points in your liberalization?" Box asked.

Then, for the first time was disclosed the carefully guarded secret that the beet sugar interests never have abandoned their attitude toward the contract-labor laws. Several days previously Maddux had submitted a proposal that Congress create a board of three Cabinet members to "determine from time to time the necessity of importing a sufficient number of agricultural laborers into the United States to meet existing or pending needs."

After first stating that the beet sugar men do not now want illiterate Mexican laborers admitted, Maddux finally allowed that they still do want the privilege of entering Mexico and shipping out thousands of Mexican peons to the United States.

"In the memorandum of recommendations that we submitted to your committee several days ago, we included the word 'import,' which we thought embraced the right to contract for laborers on the other side," Maddux said.

Dangers of permitting such a practice or of Congress yielding to any other demands that would liberalize Mexican immigration were stressed during the hearings by Congressmen opposed to such influx. Representative Box showed how the average Mexican peon, accustomed to a frugal mode of living, menaces the standards of American farm labor and told of instances where Americans have been driven from their jobs because Mexicans would do the work so much cheaper.

to carry out the requests of the beet sugar interests.

Outstanding among the numerous other bills seeking to modify our immigration laws are: The Jacobstein bill, patterned along the lines of the Perlman measure, but much less drastic; the Dyer bill to permit American-born Chinese to bring in wives from China; and a bill introduced by Representative Royal Johnson, of South Dakota, to permit aliens now living abroad who served in the American forces during the World War to enter the United States outside the quota provisions.

Numerous other bills are designed to correct alleged discriminations practiced against aliens by American consuls abroad or to permit entrance of certain small classes peculiarly affected by the law.

What the effect of all the pressure being brought upon Congress to modify the law will be is a difficult question to answer at this time. When Congress on May 26, 1924, adopted the law the sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of a strict immigration policy.

So far this year, however, the only active stand in favor of a continuance of the present policy, other than that taken by some of the Congressmen on the House Immigration Committee, has been by the American Federation of Labor.

Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists

IT MAY seem a solecism to declare such great writers as Carlyle, Froude, Shelley, Charles Lamb, Tom Hood, Henry Ward Beecher, and Walt Whitman were not successful as novelists—yet it is a fact that every one of these attempted novel writing, only to produce, in nearly every instance, a work outdone by far less gifted pens.

Usually the effort, as in the case of Carlyle, was but a single one.

The title of Carlyle's early novel was *Wolken Reinfred*. It recalls the *Sorrows of Werther* in its sentimentalism. Carlyle was learning to write, and the lesson seemed to come hard. Certainly it was not an auspicious beginning. The hero is plunged into a philosophy of despair through no cause, it would seem, save that he had been jilted by a lovely girl. The novel was never completed, the author seeming to have awakened to the futility of it when it was about three-quarters finished.

It would not be fair to call the *Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, by James Anthony Froude, historian, and biographer of Carlyle, a failure, for it is far from that. The work is full of action, and contains clever character delineation. But it does not measure up to his work in other lines.

Charles Lamb wrote a story, hardly long enough to be called a novel, entitled *Rosamund Gray*. It is hard to believe that this is not another of Lamb's whimsicalities, but its internal evidence forbids any such belief.

It must have been a very early effort, but it is scarcely a credit even to adolescence.

An unpleasantly melodramatic effort, yet with here and there certain blended qualities of humor and pathos is *Tylney Hall*, by Tom Hood. On the whole it is well that Hood never repeated the attempt. Posterity will remember him as the author of the

Bridge of Sighs and the *Song of the Shirt*.

It is seldom that we think of Henry Ward Beecher as a novelist. Yet he wrote a passable achievement in *Norwood*. Mr. Beecher tells of his perplexity when called upon to write a continued story for a newspaper. He says that he was wholly unacquainted with the mechanism of novel writing and essayed the task required of him with some apprehension. *Norwood* has some grace of style and the flexibility that characterized Beecher's orations, but the story moves too leisurely for modern readers, and the incidents are approached by paths which readers of today would find somewhat tortuous.

There are two romances in prose by the poet Shelley—it is fortunate there are no more. One, *Saint Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*, has all the faults of youth and inexperience. Some of the descriptions of natural scenery reveal the nascent genius of the poet, but some portions are very crudely written and it is a trifle ridiculous as a whole. *Zastrozzi* is quite as bad. These youthful performances excited the laughter of Browning, Swinburne and Rossetti, all Shelley disciples and Shelley enthusiasts.

James Hogg, known as "the Ettrick Shepherd," wrote verse a century ago which attracted much attention. Some of this verse is included in most anthologies. That he also wrote a novel will be news to many.

There are also Francis Parkman's forgotten novel, *Vassal Morton*, and Walt Whitman's first attempt at writing, *The Inebriate*, which lovers of Whitman would rather forget.

Many instances could be added to those given of eminent writers who have unsuccessfully essayed the art of novel writing. The search for these would probably reveal other instances equally interesting

Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy

(Continued from page 2)

Mr. Wilson knew that Colonel Roosevelt was seeking to engage him in a controversy, and had observed President Taft's failure to cope with Mr. Roosevelt's tactics in 1912. When urged to make rejoinders to Mr. Roosevelt's attacks, Mr. Wilson countered with a story. He said that there was once a political speaker who was not vicious enough in his attack on his opponent to satisfy his friends in the audience, when from the back of the room one of them yelled: "Call him a liar and make it a fight."

President Wilson knew that his style was not calculated to meet the tactics of Colonel Roosevelt any more than was Mr. Taft's. By not naming Colonel Roosevelt he sidestepped the personal issue. At the same time he thrust with a rapier whetted with words that left no doubt in the mind of the public as to whom and what he was attacking. He fully believed that he was putting Mr. Roosevelt at a disadvantage in tactics, and at the same time was effectively answering his attacks. But he never realized that at the same time he was dramatizing himself through this curious duel.

While Mr. Wilson avoided the name of Mr. Roosevelt in the 1916 campaign, he did not use the same tactics in 1912. The reason for this was that in 1912 Mr. Taft was the object of Mr. Roosevelt's attacks. So absorbed was the Colonel in this battle that he almost forgot that Mr. Wilson was running. Occasionally the Governor gave

him a gentle reminder. Watching President Taft and the "Bull Moose" leader committing political *hara-kari* in their assaults upon each other, Mr. Wilson added zest to the situation by throwing the spotlight on Mr. Roosevelt in a way that brightened the press copy of the reporters traveling with him.

In the early morning hours of October 7, 1912, Governor Wilson's train drew into Pueblo, Colorado, one of the leading steel-producing cities of the West. The program called for three addresses, the first one in a theater at eight o'clock in the morning. It was a cold and an unearthly hour to break into the political arena. The air of the theater not only reflected the atmosphere of "the morning after," but it too was cold and clammy. Nevertheless the house was packed. Practically all of the seats were filled with laboring men dressed in their working jeans. Many looked as if they had just come from a night shift over at the steel plant. This type of audience appealed greatly to Mr. Wilson, who soon forgot the handicaps of the surrounding conditions as

he warmed to his task. At the close of his address he drew a picture. It was so simple and clear, and so embellished with lights and shades of humorous sarcasm that the working men began to smile; first a laugh here and there, and then a roar of delight.

Governor Wilson had begun by saying

Here was news. The Wilson statement and the Roosevelt rejoinder caught the fancy of the newspapermen. They saw a clash between two fighters of the first order, one swinging the big stick, the other thrusting the rapier. That early morning audience in the theater had moved the schoolmaster to sketch a picture that caused the "Bull Moose" to shake his locks and roar as he had not roared before. The Wilson-esque method of reply for the time being was silence. That same night at Albany, New York, Colonel Roosevelt made the Wilson utterances the basis of a bitter philippic, and on the next day he kept hammering away on the Wilson statement.

Finally at Topeka and Kansas City, Governor Wilson, never deigning to mention the telegram, said to his audiences in a mild and mock surprised sort of a way that he "understood that Mr. Roosevelt was distressed by his suggestion the other

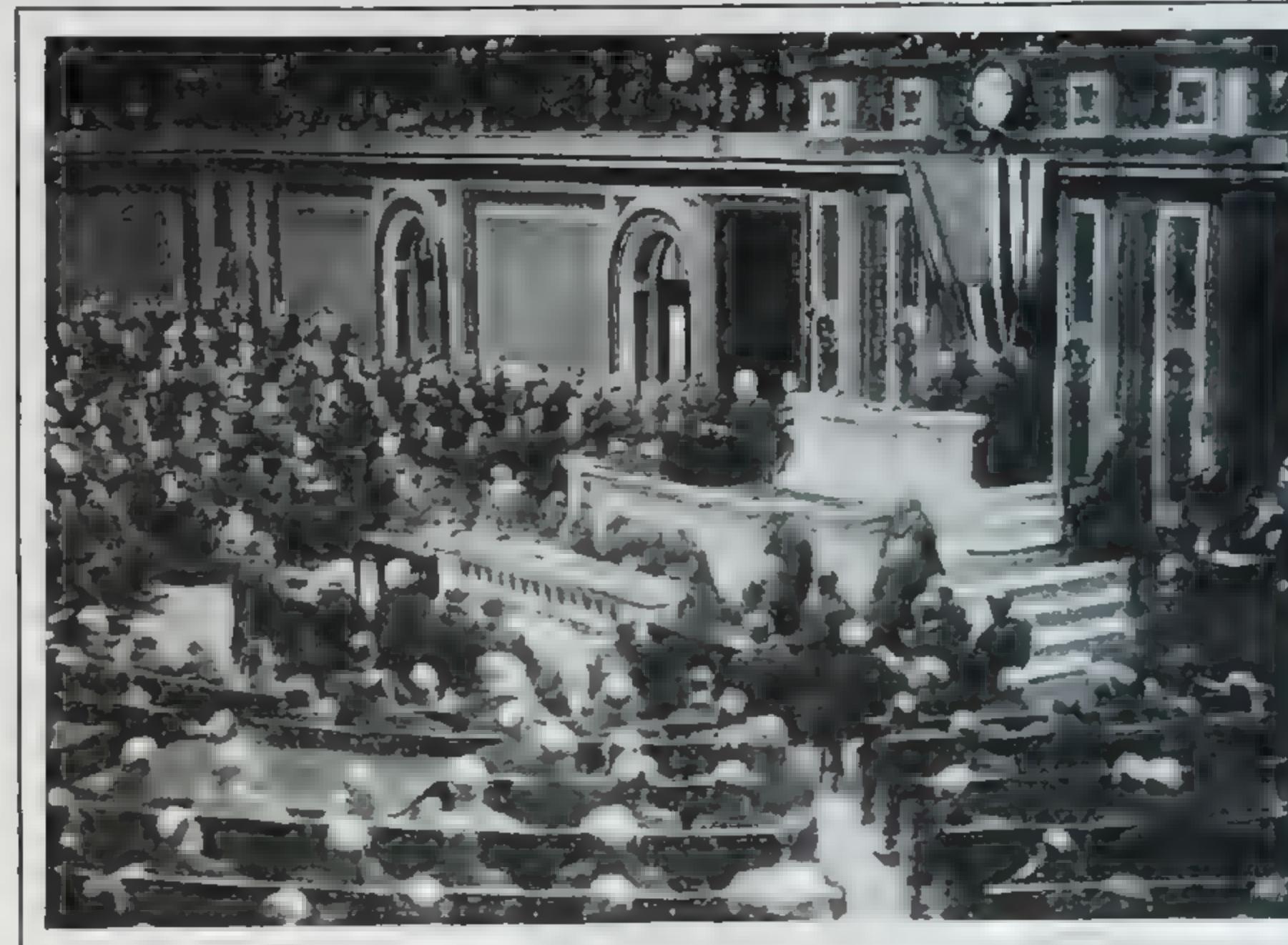
day that the United States Steel Corporation was back of Mr. Roosevelt's plan for controlling the trusts." Continuing, he said: "Mr. Roosevelt interpreted my remarks to mean that the trusts were supporting him with their money. I was not thinking about their money. I do not know whether they are supporting him with their money or not; it does not make any difference. What I meant was they were supporting him with their thought, and their thought is not our thought.

When Wilson Became Good Copy he thrust again with all his energy—"and

I say it again, that the kind of control which he proposes is the kind of control that the United States Steel Corporation wants."

From this time on the campaign on the Democratic side picked up very much from the correspondents' point of view. Governor Wilson, with the dexterity of the dancing master and without any of the ordinary expedites of a politician, had become the best of copy.

After the campaign of 1912 a group of correspondents, numbering about a dozen, accompanied him to Bermuda for a rest, and remained with him at Princeton and Trenton while he was President-elect. His personal relations with these men were most cordial. In all the give and take over little accommodations and conveniences affecting a party while on a protracted journey, Mr. Wilson was the most courteous and considerate person of the group. He became very fond of most of the correspondents, but he never became reconciled to what he considered the flippant, irrelevant unimportant stories which they wrote



President Wilson never hesitated to take his demands personally before Congress.

about him and his family. Nor did he ever accept philosophically the fact that the papers failed to handle the campaign as if it were the serious thing he conceived it to be. He put the blame for this on the newspapers, and, except on one occasion, he refused to accommodate his campaign methods to existing journalistic customs.

The one exception occurred when the Wilson party was traveling to Atlantic City in a private car. One of the correspondents knocked at the door of the Governor's stateroom. Bidden to enter, he sat down opposite Mr. Wilson.

"Governor," he said, "I've got something on my chest and I want to get it off."

"All right," replied Mr. Wilson, "shoot! What's bothering you?"

"I find myself under the necessity of telling you that you don't practice what

Taking the Governor to Task you preach," said the reporter.

Governor Wilson looked up quickly and a little resentfully at the speaker.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean this: I heard your speech to the Young Men's College Club in New York, Saturday night. I listened particularly to what you told them about irrational obstacles. You said, very emphatically, that the college man's chief trouble in life after he leaves college is in learning to take cognizance of illogical facts; that the study of philosophy and logic in school tends to make a man ignore an obstacle if he thinks that, logically, it should not exist. You urged the college men in your audience to be on the lookout for such barriers and not to run into them blindly, but to examine them and perhaps to go around them, over them or under them. You declared that a man was of no use in any walk of life until he had developed this ability to deal with illogical facts."

"Yes, that's what I said," remarked Governor Wilson. "You've got the point. What about it?"

"Well, ever since you were nominated you have been ignoring an illogical fact," replied the correspondent.

"What illogical fact?" Mr. Wilson demanded.

"The illogical fact (as you view it) that American newspapers will not pay telegraph tolls on speeches, no matter who makes them or what they say."

Mr. Wilson turned and gazed intently out of the car window. There was a tense attitude that continued so long that the correspondent began to think he might have overstepped the bounds of his professional privileges. Suddenly Mr. Wilson threw his head back and laughed heartily, turned

Why Newspapers Cut Down Wilson's Speeches to the correspondent, slapped him on the leg and said:

"You've got me this time. Ever since the campaign opened I've been feeling uglier and uglier toward the newspapers because they have not published my speeches in full, but I haven't once tried to find out why. You know, I think a Presidential campaign is a mighty serious thing, upon which the people should receive every possible degree of enlightenment. I think the newspapers should print every word that each candidate utters."

"Of course you do," replied the reporter, "but the illogical fact remains that they won't pay telegraph tolls on those words. They can't afford it."

"Well, now that we've got that illogical fact out in the light where we can see it," said Mr. Wilson, "what shall we do about it?"

"That's easy. Get out some advance copies of speeches that can be sent to the newspapers by mail. If you'll do that every paper will publish them. Most papers will publish them in full. Instead of getting a few paragraphs you will then get columns. Send the speeches out ten days in advance so that papers at the farthest points can be reached in time to put the stuff into type in their slack hours."

"But I simply cannot make a speech to a stenographer," Governor Wilson complained.

"You'll have to," said the reporter, "that's the only way you can deal with this illogical fact. When we get back to Princeton on Wednesday take the rest of the week off. Get up advances on two speeches, to be delivered two or three weeks hence on our next western trip. Release one for morning newspapers, and, about two days later, one for afternoon newspapers. Select towns about 500 miles apart and use different themes."

"But I can't commit a speech to memory, and I will not read from a manuscript," said Mr. Wilson. "When I try to follow a prepared speech I always wander off onto something else, which comes into my mind at the moment. I like to work my way along through an address by the reactions I get from my audience."

"It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you deliver the prepared speech," explained the reporter. "All you have to do is to make a speech in the towns and on the days specified in the advance copies. Then, instead of talking to an audience of a few thousand, you'll talk to the whole country."

Mr. Wilson took the last two days of the week off and remained at Princeton, closeted with a stenographer. He dictated two speeches and they were turned over to the

No More Use for the Stenographer publicity director of the Democratic Committee and properly distributed. Both of them were used in practically all the daily papers in the country.

The next time Mr. Wilson and the correspondent met was at breakfast in the Wilson private car the Monday morning following their conversation on obstacles. The party had started from Princeton on a western "swing round the circle" late the night before. The Governor had to climb over a bench at the end of the table in order to reach a vacant place beyond the reporter. As he towered above the table while standing on the bench he bent over and shook his fist in the correspondent's face in a tragic manner.

"Young man," he said, "you gave me the worst two days I ever had in my life, but, by thunder! I'm never going to have any more like them. I've made my last speech to a stenographer."

And he had, at least so far as the 1912 campaign was concerned. Not another advance copy of a speech was prepared, and Mr. Wilson's resentment at what he considered the frivolous attitude of newspapers became greater and greater. It was only by the utmost restraint that he concealed it. Sometimes his feelings burst forth in spite of himself, as on the occasion when he resented persistent efforts to find out who was going to be in his Cabinet.

One New York paper had withdrawn its correspondent because of his failure to discover this big news and had sent an older, less considerate man from the city staff with orders "to get the Wilson Cabinet." This correspondent went at Mr. Wilson as if the latter had been a precinct detective

holding out a murder clew on a police reporter. At each journalistic conference the new man cross-examined the Governor, trying by a process of elimination through a word duel to get some inkling of Cabinet probabilities.

"I will not answer any more questions concerning the Cabinet," Mr. Wilson finally declared. "You seem to think that the chief reason for choosing a Cabinet is to furnish news for your newspaper. I take a different view. It is my responsibility and I consider it a serious one. I do not propose to be embarrassed by your speculation. In fact, sir, I do not consider my activities in this particular as any of your damn business!"

The correspondent, following the "sweat-

And So the Reporter Was Sent Back ing out" process sometimes applied to City Hall officials in New York, published Mr.

Wilson's outburst, including the "damn." The Governor immediately wrote to the publisher of the paper, demanding the reporter's recall. The next day the correspondent was relieved and the man who had formerly been on the assignment was sent back.

"What I cannot understand," said Mr. Wilson, in a confidential talk with a few newspaper friends, just before leaving for Washington to be inaugurated President, "is why all your questions all winter have been: 'Who will be in the Cabinet?' The name of the particular individual slated for a particular portfolio seems to be as far as your interest goes. Not one of you has ever asked me what kind of a man I want for this post or that post, although it seems to me that this question is more important than the mere identity of the person to be selected. I have spent hours considering the qualifications required for each Cabinet position and I would have been glad to talk on that subject at any moment; to have given you my view as to what sort of a man I believed should be Secretary of War or Secretary of the Treasury or Attorney-General. But you have never shown the slightest interest in that phase of the situation."

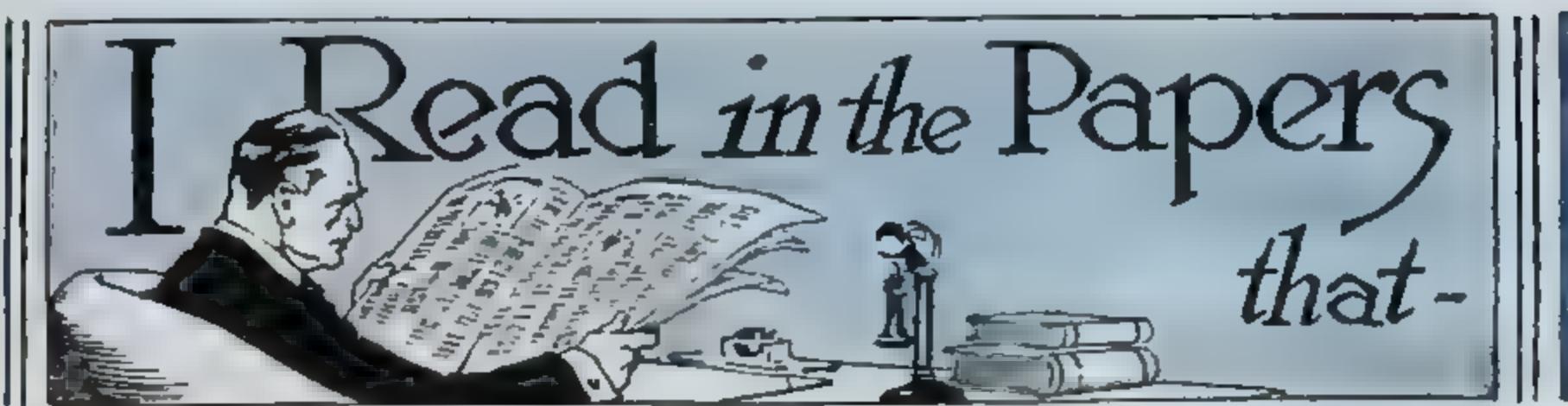
Schooled to pursue "spot news," the correspondents saw no further than the all-absorbing political and personal question, "Who is it to be?" It never occurred to them to ask, "What kind of a man is it to be?" This illustrates perfectly the difference in the point of view between Mr. Wilson and the newspaper correspondents. He spent his days studying one line of philosophy, only to be doused with cold water at an apparently irrelevant, frivolous query of a reporter when he met the correspondents in conference. They, on the other hand, felt his contempt for their trade without knowing the reason for it, and resented his failure to give them his confidence. In varying degrees this condition continued throughout his whole administration.

Why There Was Trouble With Newspapers Victor Murdock, newspaper editor, former Congressman and one time Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, having closely observed Wilson's career in the White House, said recently that his difficulties with the newspapermen were due to the fact that he came to convictions and proceeded to action only after severe logical processes of thought, while the news writers had a desire to write fleeting news impressions into permanent history. "This news group in Wilson's day succeeded in fastening upon Wilson the reputation for intellectual arrogance."

"The newspaper mind," said Murdock, "is impatient with logical processes, and

newspaper unkindness to Wilson was essentially the result of the newswriters' revolt against logical processes. Instinct, impulsive and eruptive, makes news. Logic doesn't make news. Woodrow Wilson was forever fighting instinct back with reason, inch by inch. The philosophy of current news has small space for that. But permanent history has a place for it."

After Mr. Wilson became President he discovered that the papers published his speeches and statements in full. The rule that newspapers will pay tolls upon and print everything a President says is just as inflexible as the rule under which they do as they please about what a candidate for President says. As President, therefore, Mr. Wilson could put across to the country whatever he wanted to say, without even seeing a newspaper correspondent himself. And because he was President the things he did (such as going to Congress in person to deliver his messages) were of themselves news that was also bound to be published irrespective of the attitude of the newspaper correspondents. By the use of these two instruments—what he did and what he said—Mr. Wilson successfully created and directed public opinion while ignoring the agencies by which he reached the public.



Dr. Norwood, headmaster of famous Harrow, has this to say about the religion of the modern boy:

"An interesting feature of the new type of boy is that he takes an earlier, and certainly more individual, interest in religion. It is, I believe, quite a natural development, due to the general atmosphere of discussion prevalent throughout the country, which boys and girls reflect very quickly. As far as my own experience goes, however, there is definitely less agnosticism among the clever young men and boys than was the case ten or twenty years ago. My own belief is that there is a reaction among young men at the moment against revolutionary and unorthodox ideas which have, perhaps, been overdone as a result of the war and the troublous times which have followed."

"This profoundly important change, which I have personally observed, though I have no evidence to justify me in saying that it is general, is one of the most remarkable experiences I have encountered, for the cleverer people have always been expected to disbelieve a great many things. It is not, however, an indication of a lack of interest in the boys themselves or a tendency to accept, rather than to find things out. Rather is it that the bias with which they approach the more important subjects is to defend rather than to pull to pieces, to conserve rather than to destroy."

the jazzbrows can learn something from the highbrows in music.

The objection to jazz is rhythmic monotony. The "rhythmic ingenuities" of jazz are highly conventional, and nearly always confined to the top-line of the music. The accompaniments are nearly always a plodding, mechanical emphasis of every beat, and the very negation of rhythm as a part of the musical language. Look at the fight-music in Tschaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet*, the first dozen bars of the Introduction to Act III in *Lohengrin*, the dance of the puppets in the first scene of *Petrushka*, the first number in Schumann's *Carnaval*, and find what the highbrows may teach the jazzbrows in "gift for rhythm."

Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, is of the opinion that the proof of evolution is incomplete. In a lecture before that body he asked:

"Can any of the various forms of fossil anthropoids serve as a point of departure for the human family?"

Man, he said, had been followed backward in time through the Pleistocene period to the end of the Pliocene period by means of his fossil remains and by the trail of his stone implements. In the still older formations, those of the Miocene period, fossil remains of many kinds of anthropoid apes, had been found, but among them there was none to which the name human could be applied.

Now the distinctive features of man were his brain and foot, and in no case had geologists lighted upon any fragment of

these parts. The Miocene anthropoids were known from the fossil remains of their teeth and jaws. All the evidence pointed to the teeth and jaws of early man as being similar in size and form to those of anthropoid apes. Hence, with only teeth and jaws at his disposal, an expert could not distinguish a possible human ancestor from the type which might have evolved into the gorilla or the chimpanzee. Hence at the present time the student of man's evolution found himself in a state of suspended judgment.

A Paris motor-car tire firm has adopted a new method of advertising. In a way the half-column which they have published in nearly every French paper seems to be a reflection on themselves. They have taken statistics from among their workmen, and have discovered that if their factory is typical of the whole of France the country will in a very short time become a desert. They have found that for every ten parents who die only three children are born. Out of a hundred workmen's families they found that sixty-two had no children, that twenty-seven had only one child, eight had two, while three had three or more. A hundred families, that is to say, two hundred people, would be replaced by fifty-five. If this continues, complains the advertisement, in time to come there will be no other course open to us but to employ foreign workers in the factories, while France itself will require emigrants from abroad if her prosperity is to be maintained.

"Dixie" was the product of a Northern winter sixty-seven years ago, says the *Syracuse Post Standard*.

The discomforts of late winter did not then send as many people South as now; for Florida was farther away, and was not then so inviting. The frost-bitten ones could picture an Eden of ease on Southern soil, but they stayed at home and shivered until spring warmed their shriveled souls and bodies.

One of them did something more. "I wish I were in Dixie," he told his wife as he looked out upon the stormy streets of a Northern city. And then, being a minstrel, he wrote a song embodying that wish, a song that was to be sung by marching armies in a war that was soon to come.

It is not alone the weather which brings back a thought of what Daniel Decatur Emmett did. Recollection is prompted by the fact that public attention is being directed to a half-forgotten part of the song, which was not sung in the popular version, for the writer feared that it would be disapproved by the more orthodox of religiousists. It went:

Dis worl' was made in jiss six days,
An' finished up in various ways;
Look away, look away, Dixie Lann.
Dey den made Dixie trim an' nice,
But Adam called it "Paradise";
Look away, look away, look away.
Dixie Lann.

Life and Death Act on the Screen

(Concluded from page 7)

tures of this germ in motion never have been made, even by the most expert of microscopists. But Pillsbury, slowly winding his film through the projector, shows this infinitesimal death-bringer in all the details of its activities under whatever conditions the bacteriologist may demand.

These are the first sharp and clear images ever made of bacteria in motion, where the entire field, filled with any number, from one to a myriad, may be watched with ease, and every motion of each individual "bug" studied at length and repeated at will.

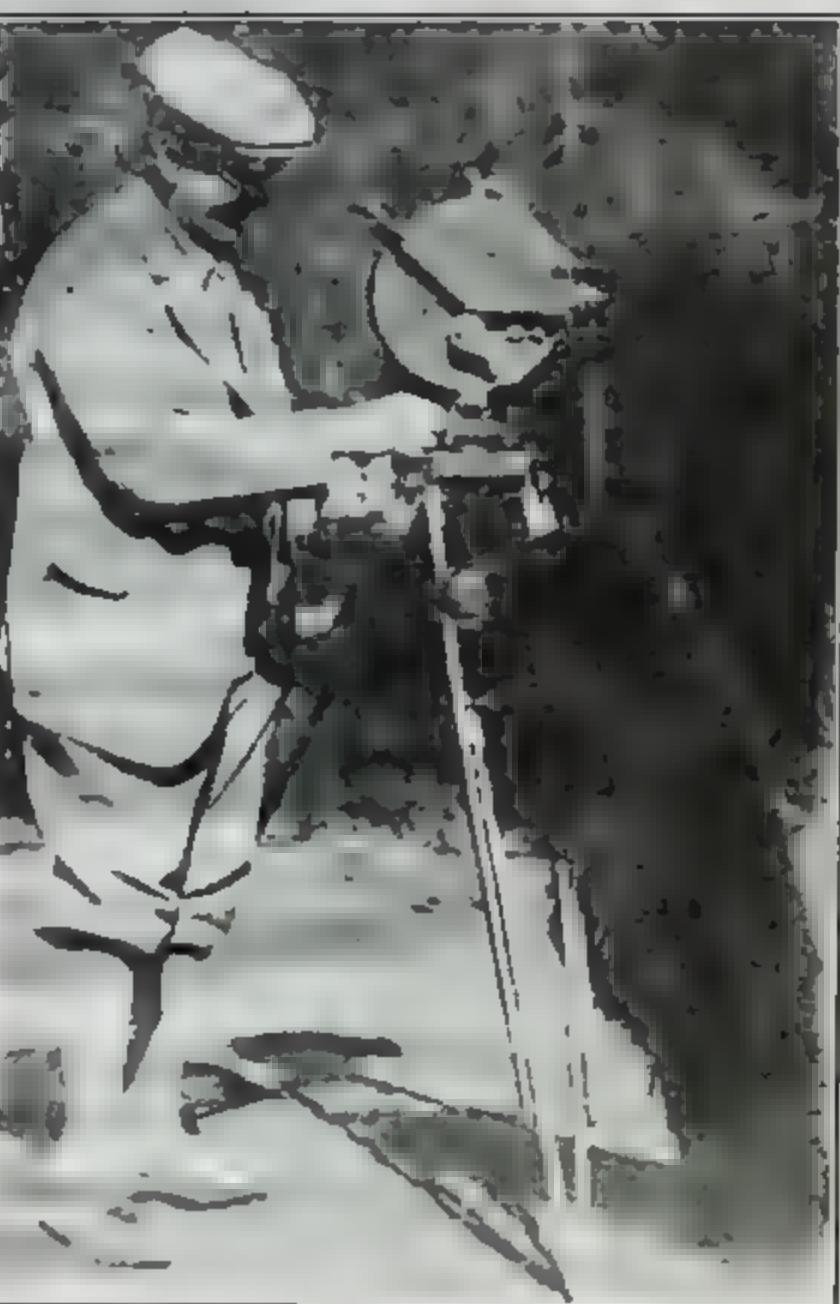
The discovery came indirectly as the result of Mr. Pillsbury's work in making motion pictures of flowers in the Yosemite Valley. Studying these blossoms, he became interested in the manner in which grains of pollen, entirely invisible to the unaided eye, penetrated the stigma and then the ovary of the flower, resulting in the production of seed and the perpetuation of the species. His first work to this end was to study, through the microscope, the passage of the pollen grain into the stigma of the sweet pea, then the extrusion of the tube of protoplasm from the grain, and the entry of that tube into the ovary of the flower.

Next he tried making motion pictures of this process through one microscope, using the entire flower in the process. As he worked, he found two microscopes necessary, and at length succeeded in synchronizing a pair of these instruments with a motion picture camera equipped with a special lens of his own devising.

When he had gone this far, he saw that the blossom did not furnish a suitable background for the moving pictures of the activity of the pollen grain. Then he placed the pollen grains, freshly gathered, in the little glass stage, and introduced to them an almost microscopic drop of the fluid found in the stigma of the sweet pea. The world, was the appearance clearly to the eye of the nucleus of each grain. Botanists had known, of course, that, in every pollen grain, there is a nucleus, but it had not been seen before, owing to its identity of color with the remainder of the grain. When the Pillsbury motion pictures are enlarged, however, this nucleus becomes visible, and botanists have the opportunity to observe just what happens to it when the protoplasm is extended into the ovary of the flower, a step in the production of life which they had not previously been able to see. Development and motion of the fertilizing protoplasm also are plainly shown.

In the pictures as projected on the screen, the pollen grains appear about the size of silver dollars, and the tubes of protoplasm are from one-quarter to one-half inch wide. Pictures of single pollen grains and of a single bacillus have been enlarged to the size of footballs, but for all practical purposes, enlargement to the size of an egg is sufficient for study, though it does give the lay observer a thrill to see a germ as large as a derby hat go dashing erratically across the screen, particularly when he has been warned that he is about to see some of the deadliest of bacteria in action.

The Pillsbury discovery is to be devoted to the uses of bacteriologists, botanists, zoologists, biologists, and the medical profession in general.



Pillsbury about to crank out a few feet of motion pictures, when interrupted by a friendly bear cub.

camera on bacteria, with the result that it is now as easy to study cultures of the deadliest of bacteria on the screen as it had been difficult to follow them with the eye glued to the microscope before Pillsbury linked the lenses into a tremendous magnifying power. By injecting solutions of various kinds into the "stage" on which the bacteria are performing, Pillsbury has obtained some very interesting results, but these experiments are left to the bacteriologists and the physicians who may thus obtain a permanent record of the effect of each drug on the bacilli of the various diseases studied.

When the results of Pillsbury's work with the pollen grains became known, the facilities of the botanical department of the University of California were opened to him for further experimental work and for the development of his discovery, under the helping hand of Dr. T. H. Goodspeed, associate professor of botany, and there the persistent photographer developed his method of putting disease germs into motion pictures.

Incidental to the work with the pollen grains and the making visible of the beginnings of life in the vegetable

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It is established that a party to an illegal contract will be left by the law where the law finds him. A collection of authorities on that point is not necessary. It is also established that a contract for a single consideration is wholly void if that single consideration is paid in part for an illegal act," says the Massachusetts court, and the same rule has been laid down in Kansas, Missouri, New Hampshire, New York, Vermont and Wisconsin.

In a few states, however, including South Carolina and Ohio, the courts have ruled the other way on the ground that the agent, having received money which belongs to the principal, will not be permitted to retain the money on the ground that the transaction in which he received it was contrary to law.

When the Broker Breaks the Law

"I'LL give you a mighty nice commission if you'll place \$200,000 worth of the new issue of Elko bonds that I'm handling," the broker suggested.

"How much?" the salesman queried.

"Ten per cent."

"And where would my selling territory be?"

"You can have the whole State of Massachusetts outside of the city of Boston."

"I'll take a shot at it, on those terms."

"Of course, I'll forward the bonds to you, you'll sell them, and turn over the money to me, and I'd have to have a bond for \$50,000 at least, to provide that you'd account for all money taken in, and return all unsold bonds on demand," the broker suggested.

"Well, I'll give you a bond on the Ajax Surety Company, if that'd be satisfactory."

"Quite so."

The salesman started in, did a flourishing business for a few months, and then departed for parts unknown and inaccessible, and without returning the more than \$40,000 which he had received from purchasers of the bonds.

The broker promptly called upon the Ajax Surety Company to make good the resulting loss.

"Did you comply with the requirements of the Massachusetts law in reference to non-resident security salesmen?" the Surety Company demanded.

"I did not," the broker was forced to admit.

"And I presume you are aware that the Massachusetts laws say that it is unlawful to sell securities in the state without complying with the requirements of the law in all respects."

"Yes, I believe that is true."

"And, that being true, we will not recognize the bond, nor pay you anything on account of your alleged loss."

"Crack on, as fast as you like."

And the Surety Company was quite safe in taking this ground, as, in a recent Massachusetts case, the evidence showed that X employed Y to sell intoxicating liquors in territory where such sales were unlawful, Z gave a bond that Y would account for the liquors and money received by him, Y failed to account for 1,000 dozen bottles, X sued Z on the bond, and the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled that X could not collect on the bond, on the ground that the employment was illegal.

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What's the Matter With Jim?

(Concluded from page 8)



Judge Henry Neil, author of this and other articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, discussing a manuscript with Mrs. Wallace Reid.

he and a group of smaller boys found a small stick of something beside the construction work on a new road. There was an argument about whether it was dynamite or a piece of carbon from the street light. The boys had a bonfire going, and Jim said he would prove that their find was dynamite.

The experiment was a complete success. When Jim regained consciousness in the hospital this time he was minus one eye and one finger. He tells me that this doesn't worry him at all. He can drive faster with nine fingers and one eye than most fellows can with a complete set of each.

Jim didn't go back to the factory after this. His parents didn't know what he was doing, or what to do with him. One midnight they received still another phone call. Jim was in jail. He hadn't been doing anything in particular—just driving with three other boys at high speed along a country road, without lights. Jim pleaded guilty when his case came up, and the judge, finding that none of the boys had any regular occupation, sent them all to a reform school.

That's where I got acquainted with Jim. It is a hobby of mine to visit reform schools. I have studied their methods in England, Ireland, Scotland, South Africa, and in practically every American state. Essentially they are all alike. They have fine buildings and beautiful grounds and the best of intentions and lots of boys to reform. And they don't reform them. I have gone into the official reports, and talked with the boys themselves, by the hundreds. I have found that the reform schools live up to their names in less than five per cent of cases.

When I met Jim in a Pennsylvania reform school he interested me enormously. I thought, "Here's an ideal living laboratory for experimentally working out the problem of the delinquent boy." I met his parents, and when they asked me why he was always in trouble, I said I'd try to find out. He was paroled, and I hired him as my chauffeur. Jim doesn't know he is an experiment. But he is having a wonderful time. He always tries to pass every car on the road, and beat all the trains if we are running parallel to the tracks. I am not having quite so good a time. I am sixty-three years old, and have been in two wrecks myself. I have a better memory and more vivid imagination than Jim, with his speed mania. His fondest dream, I think, would be to tune up an old automobile and race an airplane with it.

When I told him the other day that I had to go on business to the Pacific Coast, he promptly said, "Fine. I'll drive you. I'll put a new fast head on the engine, and we'll beat the best train time by half. I'll save you two days."

"No you won't!" I remarked. "I've gone through a fence and over an embankment and been hauled out from under my car, just the way you have. But I'm less anxious to repeat the experience. Besides," I added, "we'd be arrested before we got ten miles from Philadelphia."

"Tell you what," Jim came back. "We'll get the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial people to fix it up for us. Gee! Bet

can't make them grow up past the play age if they are still in it. You can't make them see the difference between harmless play and mischief that borders on crime. If society doesn't give their play-spirit free rein in harmless ways, city conditions will lead them into wayward habits.

Jim cannot be interested in anything that is not a game. His father asked me:

"What am I going to do with Jim? All he does is fool with automobiles, and get himself arrested. He doesn't earn enough to keep himself. Must I keep him all his life?"

I said, "You must either keep him playing, until he grows up, or the state will keep him in jail."

So Jim's father has killed all the chickens, and turned the henhouse in the back yard over to Jim for a garage. Jim has made it into a machine shop, and when he isn't driving my car, he spends all his time there rebuilding junk cars. He'll buy two or three cars at \$25 or \$35 apiece, and put the best parts together, and I'll give him a little money to buy tires and batteries and other needed parts, and pretty soon he'll have a neatly painted, glistening monstrosity that will deliver enough speed to please even him. His father's back yard is full of hybrid cars and junk. Jim sells some of his weird creations, and he often sells some of the discarded metal from a car for more than the car itself cost him.

But he won't work for wages at a regular repair job in a garage. That isn't play.

As I have listened to the cases of children in juvenile courts in all parts of the country, I have wondered at the number that were charged with violating the law when they were really only children trying to play. Often their play had led them into waywardness only because in their environment there were no harmless methods of play available.

I have explained this to Jim's parents, and they have stopped trying to make him act like a man. At his age he is only part boy and part man. Society can learn to handle such cases as Jim's father has. It can learn to distinguish between children with an exaggerated craving for play, and the real juvenile delinquent who may be amenable to punishment or deterred from crime by prompt and drastic enforcement of punishment upon others. It can learn to direct the energies of boys like Jim into activities that they consider play, and then no other restraint upon them will be needed.

But now that Jim is provided with enough money and sympathetic cooperation for the maintenance of his weird machine shop, he doesn't get arrested any more.

Of course the speed craze may break out in him again. I am leaving shortly for Los Angeles—by train. I really wouldn't be surprised if I found Jim waiting for me at the station there, in a mud-covered automobile, with a record-breaking trans-continental trip behind him. His childishness may make him famous yet. Or it may make him a public nuisance. But if Jim ever has to be locked up for the safety of the rest of the American people, I make just one plea. Don't let's put him in a typical reform school and try to make him over into something that he isn't.



A Dance a Week

THE LANCERS

A Graceful Square Dance—First Two Figures



FIGURE ONE

ADDRESS PARTNERS, THEN CORNERS



First four forward and back

4 bars

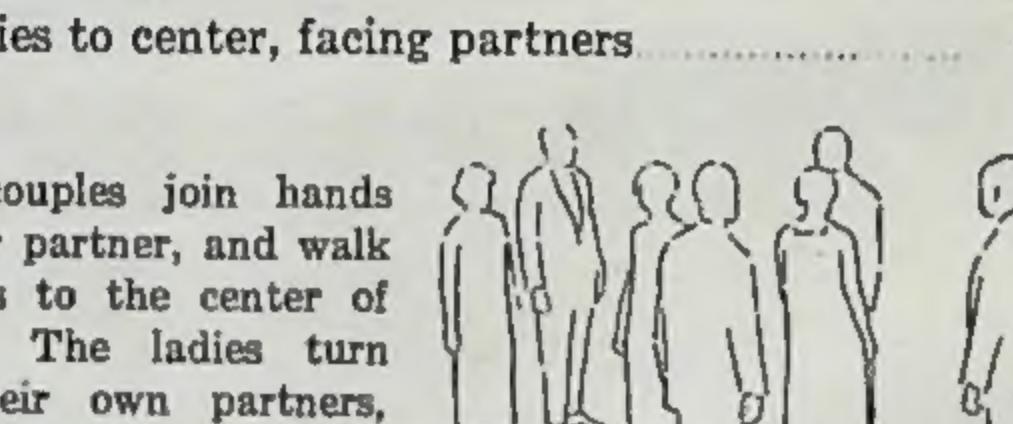


Partners join nearest hands, gentleman starting with left foot; walk forward three steps. On the fourth count, raise the right foot to the heel of the left. Starting with the right foot, walk backward three steps. On the fourth count, bring left foot up in front.

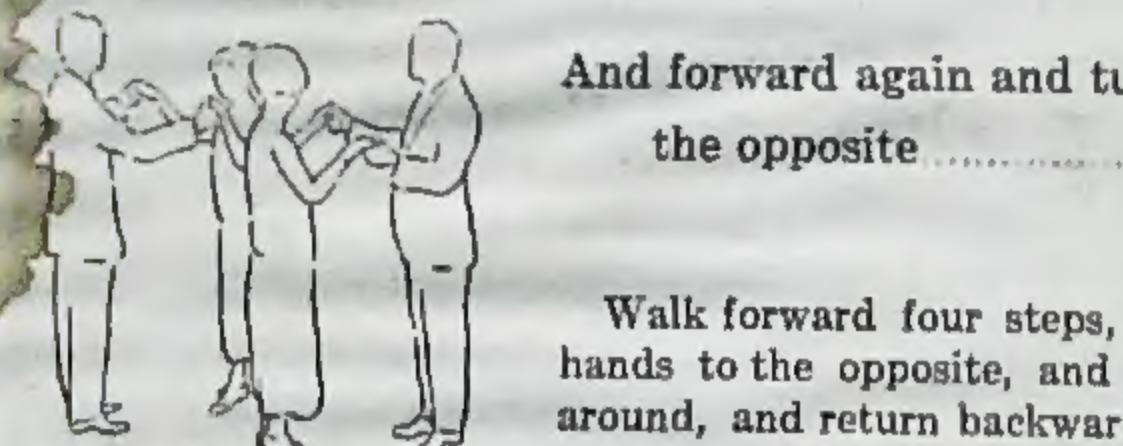


4 bars

Both couples join hands with their partner, and walk four steps to the center of the set. The ladies turn facing their own partners, while the gentlemen make a slight bow, and walk backward to their original place.



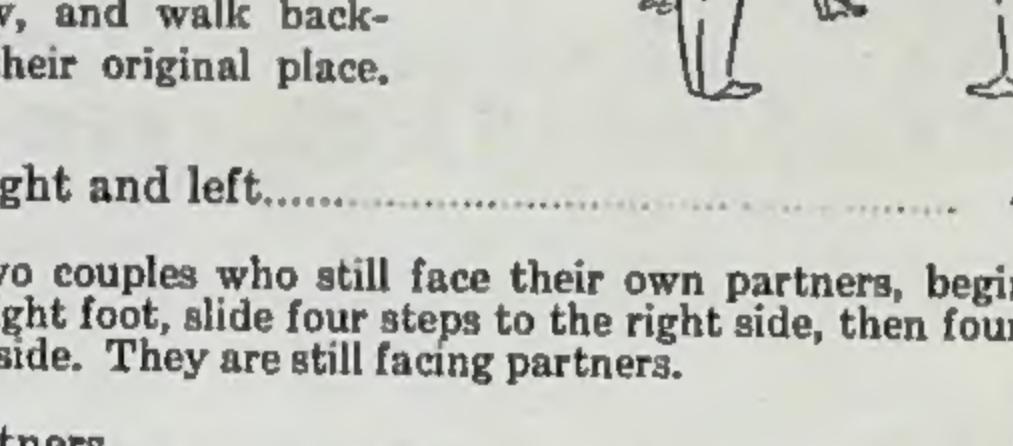
4 bars



And forward again and turn the opposite

4 bars

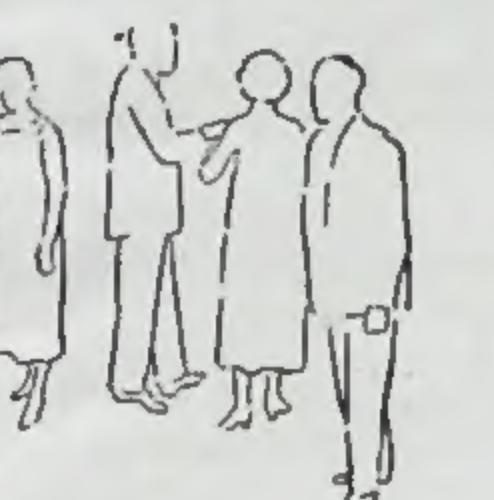
Walk forward four steps, give both hands to the opposite, and turn once around, and return backward to place.



4 bars

First couple promenade between the opposite and return on the outside

8 bars



First two couples cross over. First couple cross hands, second couple separating to allow the first to pass between. Returning to place, second couple cross hands, and the first couple separate.

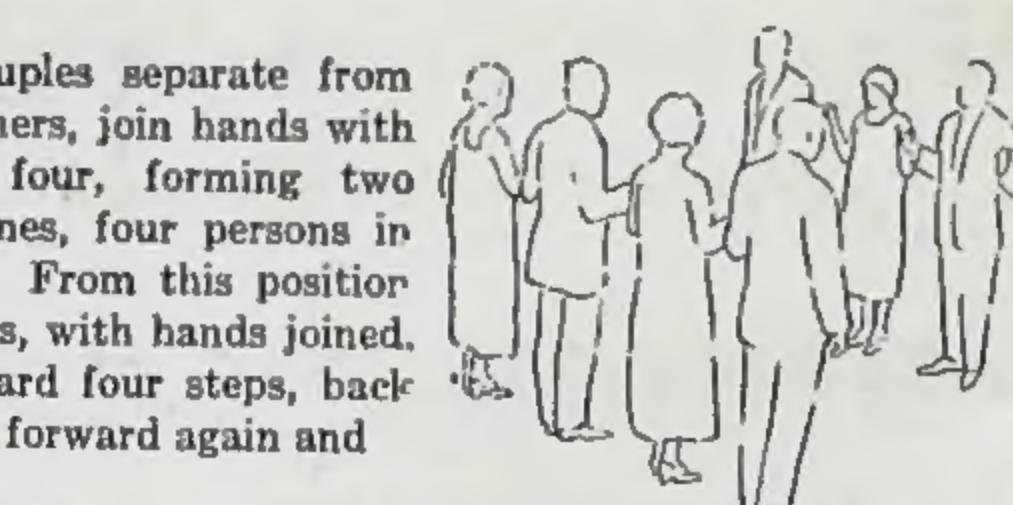
8 bars

All balance to corner and turn partners

8 bars

All turn, face corner; each dancer take four steps toward each other, and four steps backward. Then all face their own partner, give both hands and make one complete turn to place.

The side couples then start the movement. Repeat all, until every couple has passed through. Play four times.



4 bars

Turn partner to place

Play four times, two for the head and two for the sides. In forming the lines on the side, the first four separate.

NOTE—This concludes the first two of the five figures of The Lancers. The remaining three figures will be presented in next week's issue. The piano accompaniment for the complete dance will be found on the page facing this; next week the music will consist of the violin selection for the same piece.

LANCERS "ORIENTAL"

Metronome 108

Pub. by E. T. Root & Son, Chicago.

The music score consists of 12 staves of musical notation, arranged in a grid. The top row contains staves 1, 2, and 3. The middle row contains staves 4, 5, and 6. The bottom row contains staves 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. The music is in 2/4 time and includes various dynamics and performance instructions such as 'roll', 'a tempo', 'D.C.', 'March', and 'D.S.'.

Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt

(Continued from page 15)

informed General Rufus King, then American minister at Rome, of Surratt's whereabouts and of the details of a confession he had made. General King advised the Papal Government of these disclosures and by order of the Pope, the following instructions were issued:

November 6, 1866.

Colonel: Cause the arrest of the Zouave Watson, and have him conducted, under secure escort, to the military prison at Rome. It is of much importance that this order be executed with exactness.

The General, pro-minister, Kanzlei.

Lieutenant-Colonel Allet, Commanding Zouave Battalion, Velletri.

Lieutenant-Colonel Allet telegraphed as follows:

Pontifical Zouaves, Battalion Headquarters, Velletri, November 7, 1866.

General: I have the honor to inform you that the Zouave John Watson has been arrested at Veroli, and will be taken tomorrow morning, under good escort, to Rome. While he was searched for at Trisulti, which was his garrison, he was arrested by Captain De Lambilly, at Veroli, where he was on leave.

I have the honor to be, General, your Excellency's very humble and obedient servant, Lieut.-Colonel Allet.

His Excellency, the General-Minister of War, Rome.

PONTIFICAL TELEGRAPH Velletri, 8:35 A.M. Nov. 8, 1866. His Excellency, the General-Minister of War, Rome:

I received the following telegram from Captain Lambilly: At the moment of leaving the prison, surrounded by six men as guards, Watson plunged into the ravine, more than a hundred feet deep, which defends the prison. Fifty Zouaves are in pursuit.

Lieut.-Colonel Allet.

The story of these three days cannot be more graphically related than by Surratt himself: (Interview with Surratt—Boston *Sunday Post*, April 3, 1898.)

"In the meantime I was confined in a cell in the old monastery. The second day

He Arranged a Plan of Escape after the second night, a messenger arrived from Antonelli directing

the officer in command of the post, the Baron De Seroppo, who you will remember married Miss Polk of North Carolina, to have me sent to Rome under heavy guard the moment the summons was received. I was awakened at four a.m. by the rusty key grating in the lock of my cell, and by the light of a flickering lantern I saw that my untimely visitors were an officer and six soldiers, all heavily armed. At once I knew what it meant, and when the lieutenant in command ordered me to dress at once in order to go to Rome I at once made up my mind that, let the consequences be what

they may, I would not go to the Eternal City.

"While dressing I mentally arranged a plan of escape. This old monastery was built on the side of the mountains, nestling on one side, and the west side was directly over a precipice over a hundred feet high. A wall four feet high guarded the court yard. I was determined to break away from my captors and go over the precipice. When I was finished dressing I was placed in the center of this guard and we slowly ascended the stone steps of the old building, worn smooth by countless feet of many generations of monks. We reached the court yard and turned towards the left. Just as we reached the point I had selected for my attempt I made a break for liberty, and running quickly across the court yard jumped

the coast. I should have said at the beginning that all this took place during the early hours of the morning. It was four a.m. when I was aroused and told to dress. By the time I had left the town a few miles in the rear, the sun was high in the heavens and I was congratulating myself on my three escapes when I was suddenly startled by the sharp command:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend," I answered in my best Italian, recognizing that I had run into a Garibaldian camp. Glancing at my papal uniform, the outpost was by no means reassured.

In the meantime I had raised my hands above my head. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder he was pressing the trigger unpleasantly hard.

Raising my hands even higher in the air I sang out to him "Lower your rifle, man; can't you see

my hands are up?" Still covering me with his rifle he ordered me to advance within a few paces of him and called out lustily for the corporal of the guard.

That officer came on the run, and seeing my rig called for the sergeant of the guard. He no sooner caught glimpse of my dress than he called for the officer of the guard. To make a long story short, I was soon surrounded by a mob of Garibaldians of all ranks and sizes. When I told them that I was an American, a deserter from the *Papilo Gardo* and wanted to get to the coast, they treated me with the greatest kindness."

Surratt was asked whether he knew of the existence of the ledge or landed on it by accident.

"Know of it?" was his answer. "Why of course I knew of it. Do you think I would have been such an idiot as to jump over a 100-foot precipice to certain death in that manner? Many and many a time my comrades and myself in hours of idleness would lean over that precipice and wonder how many feet it was from the wall of the court yard to the ledge, and it was an open question as to whether a man could jump from the wall and land safely on the ledge.

While dressing I was determined to make the attempt. It makes my blood run cold to think of it now, though. However, I managed to land on it safely and my legs doubling up under me, my head struck the bare rock with fearful force."

After describing the scene of wild confusion and surprise by his sudden break for freedom and the attempt made by his guard to shoot him, Surratt continued. "I was brought back to my senses by the reports of their rifles from above and the bullets flattening themselves on the bare rocks unpleasantly near my head. Dizzy and sick and shaken, I managed to gather myself together and crawl out of danger and gradually make my way down the side of the mountain to the little town which nestled at its base. Running along the main street of the town I ran directly into the arms of a detail of Zouaves. They were as much surprised as I, but I had the advantage of being on the alert. With me it was almost a matter of life and death. Doubling quickly on my tracks and expecting every moment to be hit by some of the bullets which were flying around my head, I ran like a frightened deer; through alleys, down dark streets and across lots I sped, and managed to elude my pursuers.

"In the meantime the entire town was in an uproar. Everyone had the alarm, and all the gates were guarded. Selecting a good point I managed to get over the wall and headed down the white Italian road toward

"in constant, though apparently groundless, terror of being assassinated," and when St. Marie suddenly appeared on the stand to testify, newspaper correspondents present noted "a single, deadly glance passed between him and Surratt."

More than two hundred witnesses were examined, some of whom testified that Surratt was in Washington on April 14, 1865, the day of the assassination. But the defense was able to impress eight of the jury, seven of whom were southern born, that Surratt's alibi was sufficient for acquittal. After three days' balloting the judge was informed that the jury was divided and "could not possibly make a verdict." They were dismissed and Surratt sent back to the old Capitol prison, where he remained until June 22 of the following year. He was then released on twenty-five thousand dollars' bail.

Three months later, the prosecution, realizing the apparent futility of proving that Surratt took part in the assassination of President Lincoln, attempted to press charges of conspiracy and treason. It was then learned that the two-year limitation for such an indictment made a trial on these charges impossible and the court freed John Harrison Surratt from further duress.

After attempting a profitless lecture tour, he settled in Baltimore and for many years was employed by one of the Chesapeake steamship companies. The remainder of his life was uneventful, and his death occurred early in May, 1916—fifty-one years after it would have taken place had he been tried by the same tribunal that sent his mother to the gallows.

Surratt was not inclined to talk of his experiences, and few who met him ever knew that behind his piercing gray eyes, deeply hidden beneath heavy brows, there was the memory of hairbreadth escapes rivaling in romantic interest and dramatic detail those of the wildest fiction.

The material in this story was obtained from files of the newspapers of the period, the official reports of the Surratt trial issued by the Government Printing Office in 1867, and an interview with Surratt which appeared in the *Boston Sunday Post*, April 3, 1898, the *New York Sun*, May 20, 1916, and *The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln* by Oldroyd.

Woodrow Wilson's Gift

AS President Wilson was leaving Billings, Montana, three barefooted lads of 12 or 14 chased alongside the last car of the train. "Hey, Mr. President, take this!" shouted one, handing up a little flag. Mr. Wilson took it. "Here, Mr. President, take this!" cried the second. His gift, a yellow chrysanthemum, was also accepted. These two boys, radiant with grins, dropped out of the running, leaving the third with gloom pictured in his face. He had nothing in his hands to give.

Suddenly, when it seemed that he could no longer maintain the increasing pace, his freckled countenance beamed. He reached into his pocket and held something tiny toward the President, panting: "Here y're, Mis-ter—Wilson!" The President's hand closed over the little fellow's. When it came away it held a worn silver dime.

"All he had!" said the President gravely regarding the coin. "That's America. It gives all it has. I'm going to keep this!" Then he swung his cap to the happy youngster until the town vanished in the distance.

Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat

(Concluded from page 4)

united to interpret for her. So Mrs. Bindle got what she wanted, and she told the "lovely lady" what a hard time we were having. "I am the housekeeper for Mrs. Dillon. Won't you come and talk to her? We never hear anything but this furphyvoing!" said Mrs. Bindle.

At any rate, we did not chide her for her forwardness, and we had an honest-to-goodness dinner that day.

Several days later my wife was arranging flowers on the window ledges when a lady passing in the street stopped and spoke to her, making herself known as the lady who had interpreted for Mrs. Bindle. My wife said, among other things in the conversation, that she had a longing for a cup of American coffee; she couldn't get used to French coffee.

Two days after there came to our door six ladies bringing packages, led by our American "lovely lady." They brought a coffee pot, American coffee, cream, and cakes, just an old-fashioned American surprise party, and what a time they had at the coffee feast that afternoon! They were all Americans who had lived in Paris some years, quite charming women. That was the beginning of our acquaintance with many of the 25,000 American permanent residents of Paris.

But Mrs. Bindle fell into utter hopelessness. She could not learn the French names of foods. The French money system was a horror to her and the instigator of a nightmare when she went to bed. She complained that the "centimes" were driving her crazy. There are 100 centimes in a franc; the smallest French coin is a 5-centime piece with a hole in the center, worth at the time of writing one-fifth of an American cent. Nothing can be purchased with it, but it is used in making change.

At the end of two months I put Mrs. Bindle on a train bound for Calais, and pinned on her a card in French telling her identity and destination and bespeaking kindness for her. She arrived safely at her home in the west of England and I was told by her parish rector that she has given daily thanks to the Almighty ever since for bringing her out of France alive.

Then we installed a French housekeeper, one who knew not one word of English, and from that time to the end of our stay in the flat life moved rhythmically for us.

She undertook the entire management of the kitchen, dining room, and the cleaning and arrangement of all the rooms. She did all the catering and cooking. Our breakfast (*petit dejeuner* meaning literally "little breakfast") was the usual French coffee and hot milk and bread—nothing else. The *dejeuner* (literally "breakfast") was served at 1 p.m. and was quite like an American midday dinner without soup (there is no "luncheon" in France). Dinner was served at 7 p.m., a meal much like *dejeuner* in quantity, and with the addition of soup.

I advanced her the money for purchases, 200 francs at a time. She would take her basket each morning (including Sunday morning for food shops are all open on Sunday), and go to the shops or markets, bringing home whatever she liked, without consulting us. She aimed to surprise us at each meal, preparing each repast mysteriously. She had a book in which she kept a record of all her purchases and the

prices. If she received a commission, privately, from each shopkeeper on everything she purchased, it was none of my business nor did I inquire about it. This commission belonged to her by right from time immemorial; the custom is established in France as firmly as the "squeeze" in China.

For all this service we paid her 100 francs a week (about \$5.00), which high salary made her the envy of other French women engaged in a similar occupation.

We allowed her to retain a *femme de menage*—a woman who comes in to clean the rooms—twice a week, we paying this woman 10 francs to 13 francs for each day she came.

These wages seem low, compared with American wages, but it must be remembered that an unskilled laboring man in Paris at the time was getting \$1.25 a day. Masons (builders) got \$1.60 a day. Street car conductors earned \$28.00 a month. I was told that the editor of one of the leading magazines got \$80.00 a month. Clerks in banks got about \$25.00 a month. Stenographers (women) got from \$18.00 to \$30.00 a month.

I have copied from Henriette's expense book the following list of *comestibles* with the prices we paid, expressed approximately in American money of the exchange current at the time:

Beef (roast)	50 cents per lb.
Beef consommé (boiling)	32 cents per lb.
Beef steak	40 cents per lb.
Mutton cutlet (chop)	75 cents per lb.
Mutton (leg for roasting)	50 cents per lb.
Mutton (for stewing)	25 cents per lb.
Lamb (leg for roast)	50 cents per lb.
Lamb (for stewing)	30 cents per lb.
Veal (roast)	55 cents per lb.
Veal (for stewing)	30 cents per lb.
Veal brains	40 cents per lb.
Pork (leg for roasting)	60 cents per lb.
Bacon	52 cents per lb.
Chickens (for roasting)	50 cents apiece
Pigeons	7½ cents per 1 lb. loaf
Bread	50 cents per lb.
Butter	4 cents each
Eggs	95 cents per lb.
Tea	50 cents per lb.
Coffee	5 cents per quart
Milk	7 cents per lb.
Potatoes	20 cents per bunch
Leeks	7 cents per bunch (about 3 lbs.)
Carrots and turnips	7 cents per bunch
Pear	20 cents per lb.
String beans	30 cents per lb.
Mushrooms	40 cents per lb.
Spinach	5 cents per lb.
Cauliflower	15 cents per medium head
Apples	10 cents per lb. (three large apples)
Pears	20 cents per lb.
Prunes	25 cents per lb.
Apricots	25 cents apiece.
Oranges	2½ cents apiece.
Swiss cheese	40 cents per lb.
Brie cheese	35 cents per lb.
Roquefort cheese	45 cents per lb.
Fish (Whiting)	15 cents per lb.
Fish (Mackerel)	15 cents per lb.
Fish (Herring)	10 cents per lb.
Fish (Sole)	60 cents per lb.
Fish (Lobster)	50 cents per lb.

A semi-bituminous coal was used in the kitchen stove; it cost \$1.00 per 200 lbs. English anthracite cost \$2.10 per 200 lbs. In the fireplaces *boulets* were used—coal dust pressed into hard oval-shaped nuggets about twice the size of a hen's egg; they cost 85 cents per 200 lbs.

Our electric lighting bill averaged \$4.00 a month. The gas averaged \$2.50 a month.

After all, nobody can get the true flavor of life in Paris if he or she does not understand ordinary French conversation. From the very first day my wife spoke—I had almost said chattered—French with the housekeeper, and that, in itself, one might say, justified the adventure of keeping house in Paris.

The Practice Babe

Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?

(Concluded from page 13)

THEY are pioneering out in Oregon. The day of the covered wagon, the log cabin, the stockaded fort has passed, it is true, but the spirit of the West is still leading its men and women on to worthwhile achievements. One of the greatest of these is its development of an essential accomplishment—that of sensible motherhood—brought about through the education of its college girls at the state agricultural school.

The idea of the practice house is not new; one is maintained in connection with nearly every home economics department in colleges of any great size. There are, no doubt, many as interesting and as perfect in detail as that at the Oregon State Agricultural College, Corvallis, but this school is to be complimented for its leadership in an essential training given in connection with their practice house course. This training is for the proper care of babies, and is not done by books and charts and dolls, but by the actual guardianship of a real baby.

Miss Grace A. Johnson, professor of household administration at the college, is in charge of the practice house, and supervises the care of the baby. During their several weeks' stay at the house, each girl is given a week during which she is responsible for the proper care of the child, and, although Miss Johnson lives at the house, and oversees the schedules, the practice babe is, for seven days and nights, the absolute charge of his student nurse.

At different times, there have been six babies cared for by the students, for periods ranging from several months to the full school year. Miss Johnson told me that they had never had an unfortunate experience with their babies, nor have they had a contagious disease among them.



Master Rowen Whealdon, with his practice "mothers." Left—How the "practice baby" at O. A. C. looked at nine months, when he weighed nineteen pounds five ounces.

2:00 p.m.
Vegetable, bread crust, 8 ounces of milk.

4:00 p.m.
Ride—Afternoon nap.

6:00 p.m. Supper—cereal, 8 ounces milk, bread crust.

7:00 p.m. Bed for the night.

Only whole grain cereal, such as rolled oats or wheat-flakes are used, and he is having considerable variety in his vegetables, using spinach, carrots, tomatoes, et cetera.

Rowen Robert Whealdon came to the practice house at the age of two months, weighing just seven pounds. He had been a premature baby, tipping the scales at six pounds, and up to the time he arrived at the college, had seemed to make but little progress in gaining either strength or flesh. His progress was very gradual, but was

constantly in the right direction. No trouble was experienced in keeping him on a good logical schedule, and it was not long before he was eating and acting as a normal baby should. When he was a year old, he weighed twenty-four pounds, which was four times his weight at birth. The following is the program used at that time:

6:00 a.m. 8 ounces whole milk.
8:30 a.m. Rises, orange juice, prune pulp or apple juice.
9:00 a.m. Bath.
10:00 a.m. Cereal, 8 ounces milk, bread crust.
1:00 p.m. Wakens from nap.



Master Rowen Whealdon, with his practice "mothers." Left—How the "practice baby" at O. A. C. looked at nine months, when he weighed nineteen pounds five ounces.

that represent the United States, still in individual play there is nothing to assure security of a nature that team play offers. The best golfer does not always win a tournament. Luck is often more important than skill.

In the past the British amateur championship has always been a next to impossible goal for Americans. Only one man, Walter J. Travis, was ever able to win the title for the United States. He did this at Sandwich in 1904. Robert Gardner came near turning the trick at Muirfield in 1920 but on the 37th hole of the final match the old hoodoo again asserted itself and he lost to Cyril Tolley. But, as already remarked, never before have so many good American golfers been present in British tournament play and Britain has had better representatives in the field than this year.

After our amateurs complete their challenge in Great Britain the professionals will start and America expects to have more than a dozen of her best in competition. Here again the United States will be represented by more good golfing talent than any other country, and will therefore have a decided edge.

No one denies that golf has gone back in Great Britain. America has better golfers, both amateur and professional, than can be found on the other side. But for this Yankee supremacy we have to thank Great Britain and not credit ourselves. Great Britain made it possible by supplying the United States with the bulk of instructors and these, Great Britain's sons, developed the golfing stars that the United States boasts today, the same stars that have lowered England's golfing pride.

England has lost golfer after golfer to the United States. Early this year Archie Compston, professional champion of England, came to the United States for an exhibition tour. Six weeks later he cabled back to England that he had accepted a position as pro with a New York golf club.

Most of the good British pros succumbed to American offers in the past. Only a few of her stars were able to refuse the big inducements held out on this side and in the list of those that remained in Great Britain are found such men as Edward Ray, Harry Vardon, Abe Mitchell, James Braid, and George Duncan.

In the last six years the United States open championship has been won by four golfers that were born and trained in the game in the British Isles, namely: Edward Ray, James Barnes, Cyril Walker and Willie Macfarlane. Ray is the only one that has not long been settled in this country.

While four British-born golfers were able to win the United States open in six years it is a paradox that Walter Hagen, American-born, was not able to win it but that during the six years this same Hagen twice won the British open championship and finished runner-up in another year. Barnes, who won the British open last year, is British-born, although he resides in the United States.

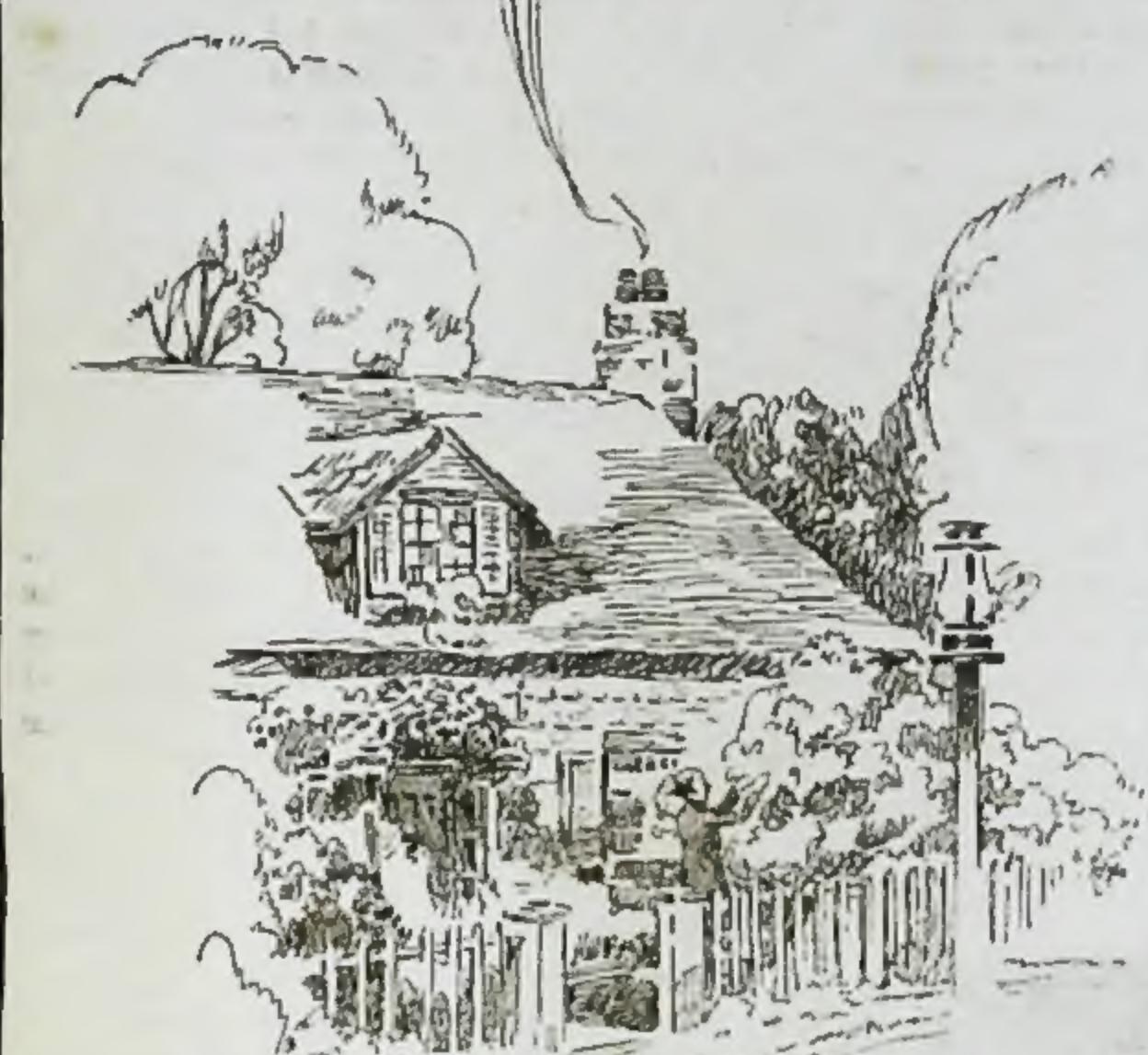
There is this about the controversy in regard to golfing supremacy: Hagen, admittedly the best of professional golfers, and Jones, probably the best golfer of any class, are both American-born. To this the Englishman will reply: "Yes, but they were taught by British professionals."

And there, as they say, you are.

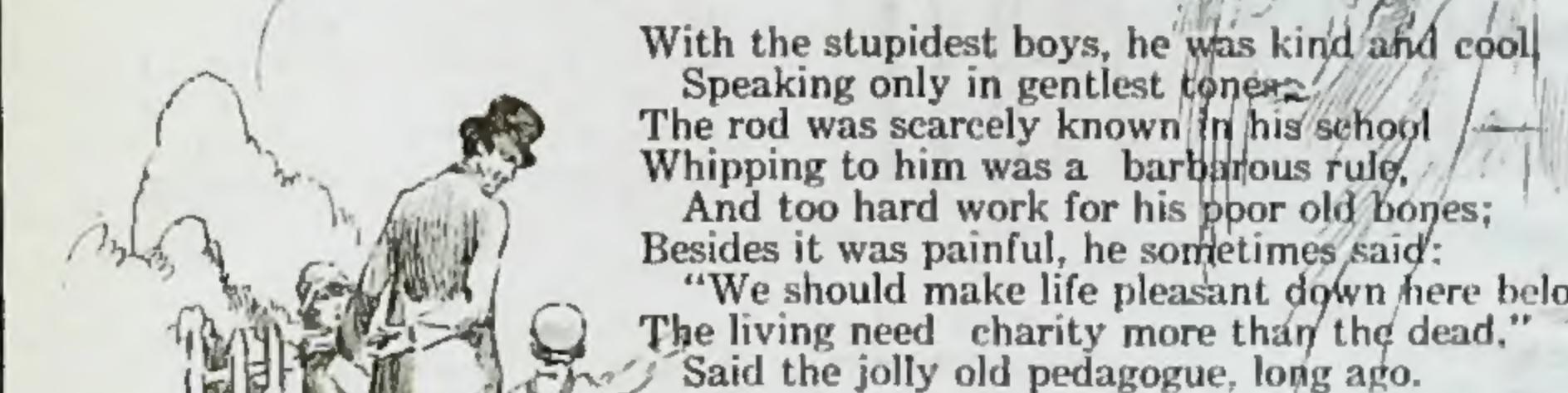
THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

from George Arnold
in McGuffey's Sixth Eclectic Reader.

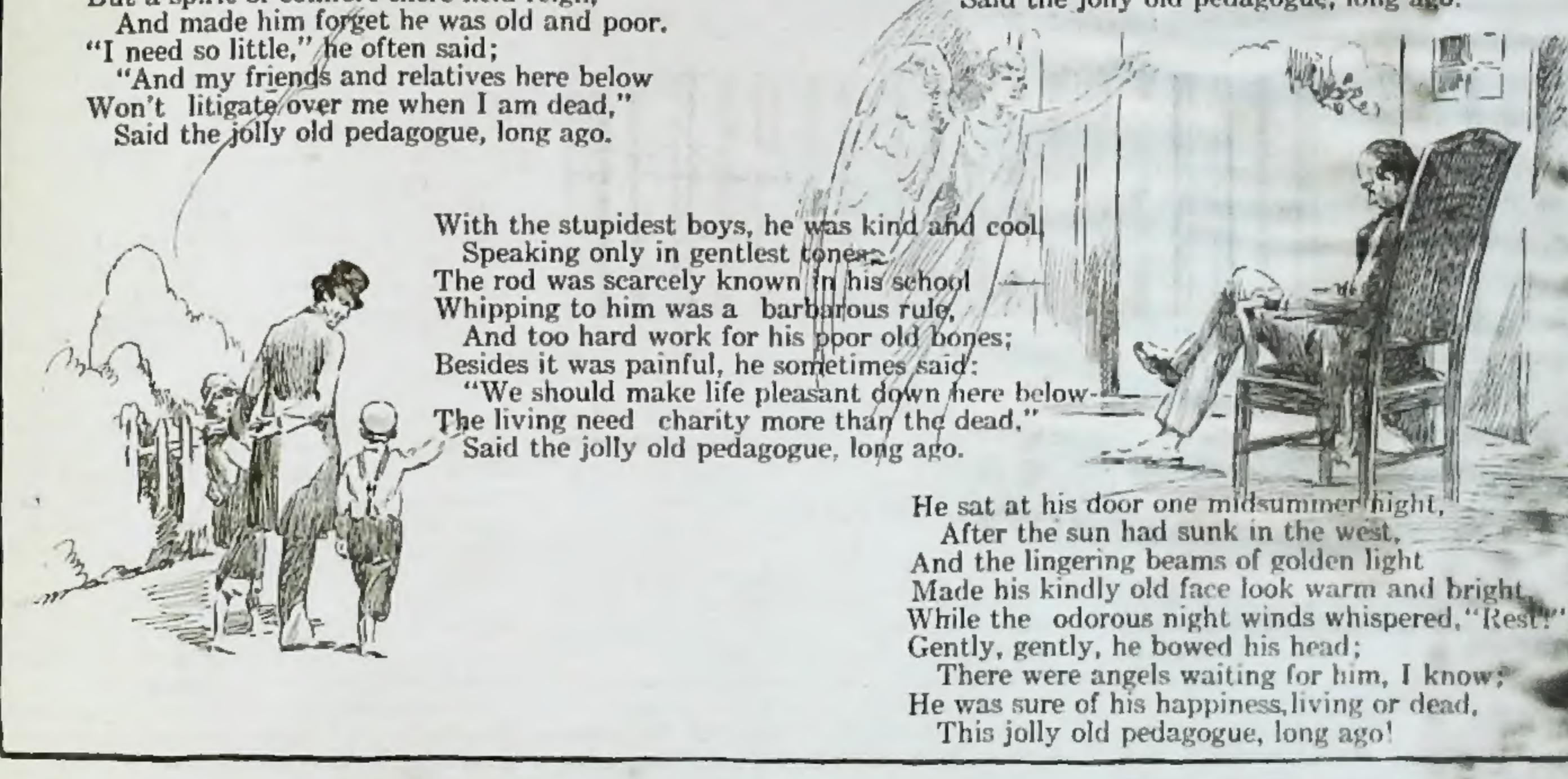
'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye:
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was scarcely known in his school
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said;
"We should make life pleasant down here below—
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright
While the odorous night winds whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!



THE most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons, I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me.

Henry D. Thoreau